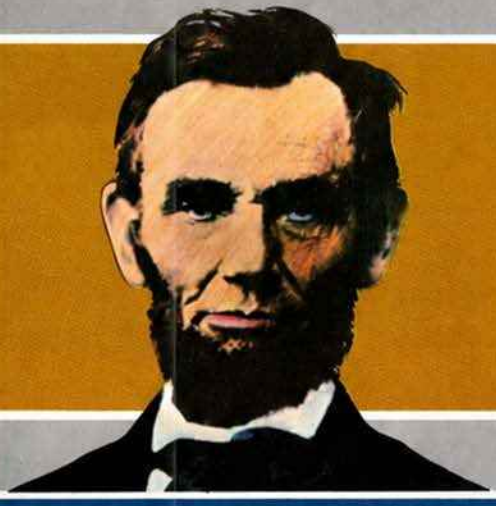
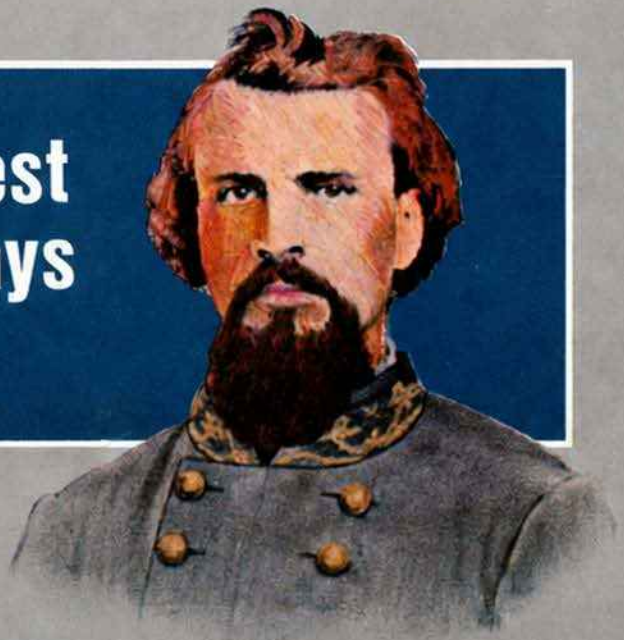
Southern
PARTISAN
VOLUME VII NUMBER 3 SUMMER 1987 $3.00

James Thornwell and Southern Religion
By Eugene D. Genovese



In Search of the Real Honest Abe
By Ludwell H. Johnson III

Nathan Bedford Forrest and Southern Folkways
By Benjamin B. Alexander



Their captured Federal armaments testify to their prowess over the enemy in the early days of the war. These men who rode fearlessly the red-clay byways of their beloved South where a surprise volley from around the next bend could send a man home just as dead as Gettysburg did, had something — a certain spirit, as undefinable as it was unquenchable.

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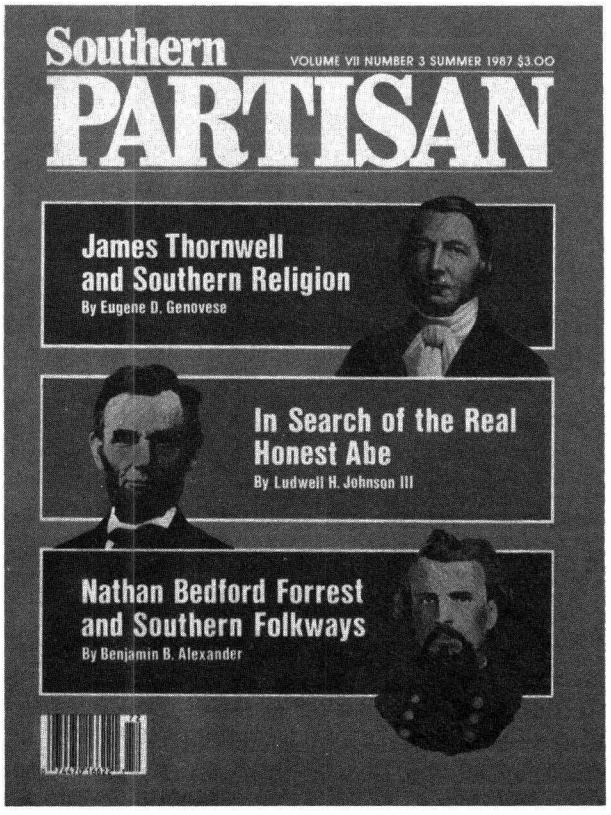
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16 OUR COVER/this time we have trisected our cover to bring you important new insights into three men (Thornwell, Forrest, Lincoln) who should be appreciated (more, more, less) than they are today. Professors Genovese, Alexander and Johnson preside.

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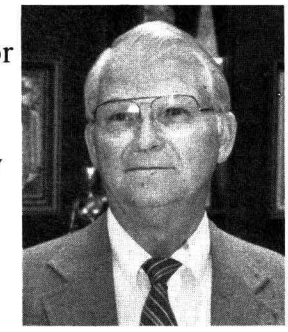

34 PARTISAN CONVERSATION/For most of a century the U.S. Constitution has been passed repeatedly through the ideology shredder they keep in the basement over at the Supreme Court. Now, a federal judge from Alabama has blown the whistle. We give you a conversation with Judge W. Brevard Hand and invite you to join us in dreaming that America may, one day, have more jurists like him on the bench.

38 THE NABOB AS ANTI-FEDERALIST: BENJAMIN HARRISON OF VIRGINIA/M.E. Bradford gives us another *Restoration Series* portrait of a robust Southern sectionalist who signed the Declaration of Independence and influenced the politics of Virginia for over forty years.

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49 ASPARAGUS: BLISS AT HARVEST/Anne Tyler Norman, who is coming close to running out of vegetables in this series, now turns to asparagus.

51 CARTERSVILLE, VIRGINIA/Steven Page Smith takes us on tour about 40 miles west of Richmond to the place where Carter was king.

Southern
PARTISAN

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PARTISAN LETTERS

Reactions To Buckley On Whitaker

Gentlemen:

I read with interest and critical intent Mr. Reid Buckley's "The Last Word" in the spring issue of *Southern Partisan*. His hard-nosed and glove-fisted attack upon Mr. Whitaker did not read very Christian-like to me.

In finding that he could not successfully challenge Mr. Whitaker's position, Mr. Buckley resorted to the tactic of assaulting the mentality and character of the brilliant gentleman himself. His trite and opinionated words and phrases such as segregationist, mole-finched misanthropy, rancid mop rag, incoherent etc. added nothing to the discussion but did reveal his very own bits of bigotry...

Cleve L. Hall, Jr.
Smithfield, Virginia

Gentlemen:

If you folks at *The Southern Partisan* feel the way that Mr. Quinn says you feel about Yankees, how come ya'll keep on letting one have "The Last Word" every issue?...

David Brower
Houston, Texas

Gentlemen:

As a new reader, I was surprised today to discover Senior Editor Reid Buckley's article in the spring issue. Obviously consumed with moral anguish, he runs on with a good deal of the same kind of foolishness which appears so regularly in our liberal media...

J.O. Bledsoe
Atlanta, Georgia

Gentlemen,

I'm writing this "diatribe" in response to "Racist Drivel" by Reid Buckley. To begin with, I wholeheartedly believe that Mr. Whitaker's "Why I Will Not Denounce Southern Racism or American Imperialism" is true. It is the best article I've read in your magazine.

Mr. Buckley would do well to study the clear, concise style of Mr. Whitaker's essay. I don't expect him to learn how to be witty like Robert Whitaker, but he could try to drop the foppish, pretentious writing style. It might clear up his thinking and facilitate the formulation of logical thought...

Earl Reuther
Slidelle, Louisiana

EDITOR'S NOTE: The series controversy ignited by J.R. Vanover several issues ago (followed by Warren Leamon, followed by Bob Whitaker, followed by Reid Buckley and Tom Landess) has generated enough letters to level the Blue Ridge foothills. With this batch, taking Reid Buckley to task, we close the door on what turned out to be the hotest controversy in the **Partisan's** *lifetime. We tried to be a forum for Southerners to express a full range of opinions on an old, troublesome issue. In the process, some of you (on all sides) got mad at the magazine for publishing opinions you found distasteful. Well, we can't honestly say we would handle it the same way if we had it all to do over again. It seemed like a good idea at the time.*

Reactions To Quinn On Yankees

Gentlemen:

I have just received the newest edition (Spring 1987) of *Southern Partisan* and want to let you know how much I have enjoyed reading your article "How we feel about Yankees." Myself being born in Brooklyn, N.Y. I moved to the great state of Florida 14 years ago. I have had the great fortune of meeting many of the real natives who have started this county and I can say I have never met a more good natured people in my entire life. I have a very strong Brooklyn accent and got to take a real ribing from the locals but enjoy every moment of it. My family and I have been very fortunate to meet the true people of the south. I have a 7 year old son who was was born here in Manatee County and is one proud "Cracker." The other day he got mad at me and told me to go back to New York...Keep up the good work and if some day you hear a Rebel yell with a Brooklyn accent you know where to look....

Fred Stewart
Florida

Gentlemen:

As a native West Virginian who tries (hard) to see both sides of North-South issues, I am persuaded that how you (*Southern Partisan*) feel about Yankees is inferior. And that's a shame. Eliminate that prejudice and the need for the magazines' mean-spirited anti-yankee references, which offend the Indiana reader - and me - will disappear... Either way, I'll continue to read the *Southern Partisan*. Whether as a journal of honor and gentility or as another bumper sticker Southern joke, remains to be seen.

Alan Gibson
Jasper, Georgia

Gentlemen:

Due to personal circumstance, I do not share Mr. Quinn's opinion, expressed in the Spring 1987 issue's "Partisan View," that birthplace is synonymous with "where we come from."...Having spent my life on the move (an average of one a year since birth), I have been interested in the concept of "from-ness" since childhood. Among other things, it has led to my becoming the current family historian. (The last ones, not counting my parents' sporadic efforts in the 1960's and 1970's, were a grandfather's sister and a grandmother's brother-in-law.)

I still don't have one single place to go back to and call home. I have one parent in each of the Carolinas and, never having been married, I have yet to be able to establish my own nuclear family. (Incidentally, having had some collisions with economic downturns, I see more similarities between my life and those of my grandparents before they married than I do between my life and my parents , who married right out of school, in the midFifties.) For about the past fifteen years, I have regarded myself as being from Knoxville, Tennessee, partly because that is the place I lived the longest (a cumulative total of eight years) and partly because I am a Southern Republican, most of whose ancestors came from the North Carolina piedmont and mountains.

Elizabeth Whitaker
Alexandria, Virginia

Citadel Whitewash

Gentlemen:

A justifiable pride in much of what the South stands for and a resentment at some of the outside concerns does not justify your whitewash of the incident at the Citadel. An FBI investigation of a violation of one's civil rights involves unfortunately more than "the antics of thoughtless children."

Bill Banner
Greensboro, North Carolina

Birch Defense

Dear Sir:

John Grammer's letter in your Spring 1987 issue contains a contradiction that includes a gratuitous slap at The John Birch Society.

On the one hand, he expresses reluctance "to submit to, say, the *New York Times'* notion of what constitutes 'respectable' conservatism." Then, he relates that *"National Review,* which in the course of defining a responsible American conservatism did not hesitate to excommunicate the John Birchers...and others who had misappropriated the name conservative."

The contradiction, as we see it, begins with the anointing of William F. Buckley, Jr. and his *National Review* by the *New York Times* and liberal entities as the chief (the only?) "respectable" conservative voice...As to whether or not The John Birch Society has "misappropriated the name conservative," we recommend a personal study of our own books, magazines, etc., not the caustic opinions of a favorite of the *New York Times.*

John F. McManus
Director, Public Relations
The John Birch Society

Oops Dept.

Gentlemen:

In the interest of fair play (even to the enemy) I must correct an error in the current *Partisan.*

Under the heading " We Shall See..." the writer attributes the well known line "If nominated, I shall not run; if elected I shall not serve," to Calvin Coolidge. Coolidge would never have mastered such a mouthful. He said "I do not choose to run."

The quotation you cite should be attributed to its real author, William T. Sherman. Let's give the devil his dues.

Laurie Hibbett
Nashville, Tennessee

Keep It Up

I wish to thank you for publishing such a fine magazine. As a native Southerner, I have always been interested in my past. Your magazine provides an insightful look into the "War Between The States" that few have been able to accomplish. You look not only at the war, but Southern history in general. In short, historians have for so long tried to portray Southerners as bigots, country yokels, and just plain idiots that many in the South try to deny their great history. You are trying to renew the once great spirit. You are doing a great job. Keep it up!...

Steven B. Kidwell
Charleston, South Carolina

UnBrookable

Gentlemen:

I nominate Representative Jack (ass) Brooks for the Scalawag Award. The media were very excited about this "crusty old guy who likes the reputation of being crusty," but I found his braying during the Iran-Contra hearings to be full of sound and fury signifying nothing.

I realize Senator Inouye is more deserving but he suffers from a birth defect (having been born outside of the South) and Representative Brooks is from Texas and should know better.

Steve Conway
Edwardsville, Illinois

Horsing Around

Gentlemen:

My brother Reid Buckley ("Green Acres," Spring issue) suggests that it is well that I have "never got up on a howdah" since he correctly reports that I have fallen off everything else I have ever attempted to ride. He is wrong. I have got up on a howdah, at Angkor Wat in February 1962. And I didn't fall off. I dismounted, as one does from a howdah, at the second floor of the Khmer temple we were visiting.

Priscilla L. Buckley
New York, New York

Fix The Flag

Gentlemen:

The picture of the Polk's Corps Battle Flag, Illustration 2 on page 20 of the Spring issue, had the colours reversed. I assume that the error occurred at the printer's office. I have had a long discussion with your very pleasant art director. She was well aware of the proper colour arrangement on this flag. My guess is that the printer thought it was a mistake to have the stars on a red cross.

At any rate, as the text indicates, the stars should be on a red cross, with the field of the flag blue.

A flag similar to that portrayed in the magazine as printed was, coincidentally, used by the South Carolina Secession Convention. It had a red field with a blue upright cross (no white edging) and 15 stars for the 15 slaveholding States. The upper corner had the white crescent and palmetto of South Carolina on its red field.

Devereaux D. Cannon, Jr.
Nashville, Tennessee

Missouri Comeuppance

I belatedly write to add one adverse comment upon your summer 1986 issue which bore a cover portrait of John Randolph, one of my ancestors.

Why must you refer to Deputy Secretary of Agriculture Peter C. Myers as having spent 27 years of his life planting "on the Mississippi delta northwest of Memphis." Why can't you simply say he was from Missouri?

Those of us in Missouri who need no reminder to tell us that we are Southerners are constantly having to remind others that to describe our fair state as of the midwest, the west or (horrors) the north or north-central states flies full in the face of 160 years of a well-rounded and distinguished Southern heritage. We occasionally have to take such indignities from Yankees. We should not have to take it from our fellow Southerners.

Robert L. Hawkins, III
Jefferson City, Missouri

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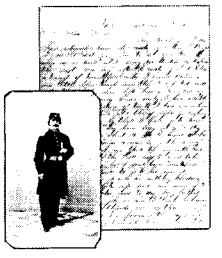

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PARTISAN VIEW

RICHARD QUINN

MAKING HISTORY

During the week Pope John Paul II toured America, I had an unusual opportunity to witness two unrelated events each of which became front page news all over America--and both of which serve to illustrate the distributary nature of the national news media. Here's what I mean:

The Pope began his American tour in Dixie--Florida, South Carolina, Texas. On a hot September day, he spent the afternoon in Columbia, South Carolina where (among other events) he spoke to an outdoor gathering of spectators at the University of South Carolina. The tough Pole with the remarkably benevolent face said he was pleased to be visiting "Sout Car Oh Line Ah."By conservative estimates, 100,000 people turned out to greet the Pope that day--a number greater by far than the most generous estimates of the number of Roman Catholics living in South Carolina. Among those thousands, there were only a few sidewalk preachers (actually I saw only one) handing out little brochures about the Anti-Christ and the coming of the End. No one paid them the slightest attention--no one except the national press corps who made the scant presence of these pamphleteers into the lead national story: PROTESTERS GREET POPE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

That's what I mean by the distributary nature of the news. Reporters increasingly ignore the mainstream event, the central news current, in favor of tracking a bizarre tributary that trickles off into the woods--especially if that off-stream manifestation appeals to their refined sense of bigotry against religion and/or the South.

A few days later, on September 15, I was visiting Virginia Beach. At nearby Chesapeake, presidential candidate Pat Robertson held a press conference to announce that his campaign had accumulated over 3 million pledges urging him to run. I dropped by to watch the press conference, and there was Pat sitting quietly at a table in front of a mountain of petitions. The room was packed with about 70 reporters there to interrogate the man who had just trounced George Bush in a major Iowa straw vote. One of the first questions tossed was this: "Reverend Robertson, is God telling you to run for President?"

Of course, Robertson knew immediately that the question was plump with explosives, so he handled it lightly. "Well, the point of this press conference is to show you that the people are telling me to run." He went on to explain very reasonably that all of our Presidents, from Washington to Reagan, have prayed for guidance and have expressed a sense of hope that their presidencies might properly express the will of God. Concluding his point, Robertson (like Reagan, a former Democrat) recalled the Democratic National Convention that nominated Adlai Stevenson who said he had "prayed that this cup might be taken from me." "Personally," Robertson said with a quick smile, "I find that a bit melodramatic."

In some detail, that is exactly what happened. So how did the *Washington Post* report it? The lead sentence said that Pat Robertson had claimed both "God and the people are telling him to run." Later in the story, the reporter wrote that Robertson made his announcement before a crowd of "foot-stomping" followers.

This last description, the foot-stomping, was simply made of whole cloth. There were only reporters in the room, with a few staff people standing quietly at the back to serve Cokes and coffee. Not a single foot was stomped. But still the fellow from the *Post* felt obliged to service his own prejudices (and those of his editors) by presenting the candidate's supporters as religious wackos, gyrating in the aisles.

And this is how history, at least in part, is made. A hundred years from now, some academic scribbler writing an account of late Twentieth Century America will be in a research library, wheeling through a reel of microfilm (OK, so they won't be using microfilm in 2087; maybe videotape) consulting old newspapers and he will almost certainly misunderstand the nature of our time. A bizarre sidebar written by a stringer trying to impress the boss or a simple cheap shot fired by a writer with an ax to grind will then be seen as the primary sourcework of history. Lord knows what our great-grandchildren will think of us.

But there is some hope. Maybe the kids will run across an old yellowed copy of the *Southern Partisan* in the attic. Better yet, maybe they'll subscribe when we celebrate our 105th Anniversary. Who knows? By then, we may even be publishing on schedule.

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

BUSHWHACKERS

In the race for the Republican nomination the field on the right seems to have narrowed down to two candidates - Jack Kemp and Pat Robertson. The South is the battleground on which both will strive to bring together an issue constituency that can stop George Bush, or Bob Dole if Bush should falter.

Paul Laxalt's exit from the race and Dole's instinctive return to his establishment Republican roots leave Kemp and Robertson alone to court committed conservatives. Thanks to a solid Reaganite voting record in the Senate and an impressive performance as majority leader, Dole has been making considerable headway on the right and hurting Kemp in the polls. But in recent months he has demonstrated an uncertain committment to such fundamental conservative causes as the Reagan Doctrine, and has continued to emphasize Washington Bugbears, such as the Budget and Trade Deficits, that generate little interest outside the Beltway. The growing perception is that Dole intends to run on his resume and leadership qualities, like Bush, and will not get his hands dirty with issues.

Kemp and Robertson, on the other hand, both think moral regeneration will be at the heart of the politics of the future. That means their intention is focused directly on the traditional Reagan voter and on the South. Southern conservatives tend much more than their northern and western counterparts to be full spectrum conservatives concerned as much about the social issues as about defense and the economy. If a coalition built on conservative issues is to prevail again, it must have a firm base in the South. And Super Tuesday, of course, makes a Southern strategy now all the more imperative.

Bush's lead in the polls is currently larger in the South than in the nation as a whole, but that is almost entirely a function of name recognition and gratitude for his loyal service as Vice President. His reluctance to address the more populist components of the Reagan agenda will cost him when he begins to take his case directly to Primary voters. Kemp and Robertson should close ground rapidly in the weeks leading up to the Primaries.

While both conservatives can expect to have a natural affinity with Southern voters on most of the issues, each faces a thorny problem. Robertson's is how to dispel the perception that his appeal is strictly to evangelical Christians. No one who knows him doubts that he will be able to distinguish himself from other televangelists, if he is able to get his message across to enough people. A thoughtful intellectual, he moves as easily in secular policy making circles as did his father, long time Virginia Senator, Willis Robertson.

Robertson is, moreover, a Southerner by birth and temperament. Laid back and courteous almost to a fault, he also shares the view of many Southerners that the Presidency is fundamentally a bully pulpit from which public values can be strongly influenced. Currently getting from 9 to 13 percent in the South, Robertson could be in an excellent position to sweep Super Tuesday.

Kemp's problem is trickier: how to convince Southerners that he's not part of an alien species. With his rapid-fire delivery and penchant for examining economic esoterica in detail, Kemp is a specimen rarely seen in the South. He has also demonstrated a reluctance to appeal to the South's strong sense of regional identity, a stance tht will cost him dearly if not abandoned.

But Kemp's vigorous report of low taxes, the interest of the family, the Reagan Doctrine, and SDI have earned him an issue constituency in the South. Moreover, the recent endorsement by two key figures in Jesse Helms' Congressional Club, Tom Ellis and Carter Renn, should help considerably. Yet the Club remains divided between the two candidates. Boyd Cathey, among others, supports Robertson, and Senator Helms is noncommital at this point.

Whether they move separately or in concert, Kemp and Robertson are now the sole keepers of the conservative flame. They both know that if the Republican standard is not to be turned back to the wing of the party that stands for little more than preservation of the current economic configuration, the battle for the South must be won convincingly.

—Gordon Jackson

TRIVIUM

TOM LANDESS

FOUR PUZZLES

Washington, where I have been living for the past six months, is an intriguing city in at least two meanings of the word. Let's take care of the more sinister meaning first.

You can't step into a Washington elevator without hearing a conversation suddenly die. You move to the rear, smile, and stare straight ahead as the two intriguers look at one another with frozen faces. There is silence as the doors shut. Then their conversation resumes, only this time it is cryptic and convoluted:

"As I was saying, the situation has become unbearable. The party I was mentioning is certain he can bring about that particular change in personnel, but he needs the backing of certain other people in the office, if you know what I mean?"

"Well, I've been taking exactly that position all along, as I think I told you last February."

How often can you hear a conversation like that? Twice a day in any government building in Washington.

But the city is intriguing in other, more positive ways. It is different from every other city in the country, if only because Americans who come here seem to feel that it belongs to them just a little; and as a consequence they make use of it. The mall, for example, is the most *public* property you'll ever see. With the Capitol at one end and the Washington monument at the other it is a strip of green grass flanked for most of the way by national museums.

On the 4th of July it looked like Coney Island or Miami Beach. You couldn't find a square foot to stand on much less a place to sit down. People were squatting or lying on blankets listening to radios and pawing one another.

Every two or three months two tents will appear on the mall, one nearer the Capitol, the other in the shadow of the Washington Monument. The one near the Capitol is pitched by a bunch of Arabs who seem to hate everybody. They belong to some group that is being oppressed by both the Ayatollah and by the Israelis.

I suppose they get permission to park there, and they probably have to pay. But I can't believe it's worth their drachmas or their trouble. If five people go into their tent during a given day I would be quite surprised. But they are taking advantage of some kind of extraordinary courtesy that we extend to foreigners in this country. It's typical of our foolish generosity that we would let this grubby little band trash up our mall, but perhaps the other tent explains why we do it.

For near the monument is this gospel tent, at least it's there every two or three months. On the side of the tent you can see the name Jesus Christ, and behind the tent is parked a trailer, where the evangelist and his family seem to live.

But in the evening they are standing on the little platform under the canopy, singing, clapping their hands, praying, and preaching. You can hear their music up and down the mall, and on a mild summer evening you'd think they'd pack the crowds in, if only by appealing to curiosity. But as many times as I have walked by, I have yet to see more than ten or fifteen people sitting on the wooden benches, and usually there are four or five.

I can't help but worry about the country when nobody in its capital city wants to hear the Word of God. I mean *nobody*. It's depressing. You may have lain awake at night and heard the distant moan of a train whistle. You may have heard the cry of a sick child penetrating your deepest sleep. But you have never heard a more heart-rending sound than an old-fashioned, hell-fire-and-brimstone preacher shouting his message to five stony-faced beggars sitting on the back row.

On a hot summer day I stood fifty feet away (I'd already heard the Word of God) and watched in sadness. Then I started across the grass in the direction of the White House and saw something even stranger than the sullen Arabs and the frustrated preacher.

It was 95 degrees in the shade and probably 120 in the sun, where a black man sat, peering at what appeared to be a magazine. As I drew nearer I realized to my horror that he was not wearing one, not two, but three sweaters, a jacket, and a wool cap pulled down around his ears.

Curious, I walked as near as I could and glanced over his shoulder. What he was reading was not a magazine but a child's game book, the sort of thing a parent would bring home to cheer up a shut-in. Stopping I peered at the title and finally made it out: PROBLEM IN LOGIC.

As I say, it's in an intriguing city.

OBITER DICTA

PASS THE SALT

Now we know why it's a good idea for journalists to develop a taste for words--because, on short notice, we have to be prepared to eat them.

And so (munch,munch) here is your new *Southern Partisan,* late again, one issue after we bragged to you that the running-late-problem had been solved once and for all. Fortunately, our readers have given us the blessing of patience and understanding, and we return that blessing by striving always to be worth waiting for.

Still, we should offer a word of explanation for this latest tardiness: Recently we switched printers from a distant State to a homegrown printer in the same town we maintain editorial offices. That switch, we later discovered, created the need to alter what the folks at the Post Office call "zip code of origin" on every subscriber label. Consequently, our staff had to enter a change of code on every single subscriber name (since our antique computer wasn't able to do it automatically). This task, done 15,000 or so times, was very time consuming.

Therefore, as the leaves turn orange in the chill of Fall, here we are bringing you a touch of *Partisan* Summer. We hope you enjoy it. And no more promises--but we will try to do better.

BOW-WOW

Femilitant Eleanor Smeal recently stepped down as president of the National Organization for Women (NOW). She said she was leaving because she wanted more time to "dog the presidential candidates" on feminist issues. What a gift that gal has for selecting exactly the right metaphor.

BIG MACK-ATTACK

A year or so ago, there was dancing in the streets of all the little towns in Fairfield County, South Carolina. Mack Trucks, Incorporated had announced plans to open a major plant right there in the middle of all that pineland. The little town of Winnsboro was going to be "put on the map." The plant would bring with it a thousand good paying jobs. A time to celebrate, celebrate and dance to the music.

When the announcement was made, South Carolina's Governor rushed down to Winnsboro to pump hands and to pose with Mack execs before the TV camera. Endless speeches were given by everybody with a title, and phrases like "a new day" and "a brighter future" amplified by the PA system vibrated the old water tower and made the mules nervous.

Immediately Fairfield County officials began having eager meetings. Of course local people would have to be trained to take all those jobs. In a rush of serendipity, County Council began paying $12,000 a month to lease a training facility at no cost to Mack -- just to show those boys in Allentown how cooperative local folks can be. The South Carolina Technical Education System also started pouring in dollars to set up training programs, and pretty soon 500 eager South Carolina boys and girls were enrolled and getting ready to start buildin' those big trucks.

Now, a year later, things are real quiet in Fairfield County. The PA system's gone and the Governor is back in Columbia hoping nobody will ask him any questions about Mack Trucks. No press conferences have been called to release the latest news: Mack Trucks, Incorporated has announced that the 850 jobs soon to be available in South Carolina will first be offered to 4,200 Mack workers from Pennsylvania as part of Mack's new agreement with the United Auto Workers union. Nobody can say how many jobs will be left for South Carolina workers. But it looks like slim pickins.

So, a little piece of urban Pennsylvania is on its way to rural South Carolina. And that, gentle reader, is how salvation works in the Industrial Age.

MARYLAND

The *Southern Partisan* is not the only good thing running late these days. The start of oyster season in Maryland has been delayed until October 1. Lovers of Chesapeake Bay oysters, therefore, are advised to ignore the "r" in September this year. And even when the oysters are collected, experts are predicting a skimpy harvest, perhaps the smallest in a century, because of "parasite problems."

DOG RIGHTS DEFENDED

Clyde Grubbs of Dallas, President of the Pit Bull Breeders and Owners of North America, defended the much maligned pit bull at a press conference called to combat the growing number of local laws outlawing that particular breed of dog. In the interest of fairness we reproduce excerpts from the transcript of that conference:

"O.K. sometimes your pit bull will hurt folks. But poodles and other little bitty dogs hurt folks too. You can't blame a dog just because he's bigger and meaner than other dogs. This country was

SCALAWAG AWARD

The last time we heard, Sen. Biden was saying he would remain in the presidential race, despite his admission that he plagiarized material while in law school. This admission came in the wake of the embarassing revelation that he had also stolen huge hunks of prose from other candidates in other races and in other countries. Senator Biden's press secretary, Larry Rasky, said, "...it ain't a big deal," and it probably ain't.

Biden, from the sometime-Southern State of Delaware, is the kind of man who can get away with anything because he still speaks the archaic "liberalese" that the reactionary press so admires.

So, pretending to wisdom and language that belongs to someone else "ain't a big deal," because Biden and his fellow college cheater Edward Kennedy are considered right on the issues. When Oliver North was on the stand, Biden was a smoldering volcano of rectitude, ready to erupt all over North when the senator saw the least hint of moral ambiguity. (But plagiarism "ain't a big deal.") In conducting the Bork hearings he has been unrelenting in the questioning of the judge's judicial conscience. (But plagiarism "ain't a big deal.") He continues to run for the highest office in the land. (Plagiarism "ain't a big deal.")

But, folks, it *is* a big deal, because it's a matter of personal dishonesty, of pretending you have a certain command of the language when you don't, of stealing eloquence when you haven't bought and paid for it. What we're talking about is *cheating*, something that used to be regarded as dishonorable. But what's honor to a man who's running for the presidency? How many votes will it get you? Which Chicago precincts can it deliver? How much money will it bring into the campaign fund? The answer to these questions, according to Biden and his staff are: "nothing,""none," and "none."

Let's hope people in the South aren't going to come up with the same answers come March 8, that is, if Senator Biden, our scalawag this round, is still in the race.

PS TO SCALAWAG

Since the lines above were drafted, the Senator has dropped from the presidential race, presumably so that he can devote himself fulltime to his highminded denunciations of Judge Bork. And by the way, since Delaware is not generally regarded as Southern, which may disqualify Biden technically in the Scalawag Department, let us also give dishonorable mention here to all the Southerners in the Senate (Democrats all) who collapsed under the pressure group campaign and voted not to confirm Judge Bork.

built on the principle of the big dog biting harder than the little dog. If you don't believe that, ask David Rockefeller..."

"Don't talk to me about heartbreak. My [pit bull] ate my granddaddy. But I'll tell you something. It was quite a fight, and I was proud of Granddaddy. (For four or five minutes you didn't know but what he was going to get away.) But I was *really* proud of that dog. I mean he just tore that old man to pieces once he got holt of him good..."

[In reply to a female reporter] "Lady, why does a great big old woman like you want to pick on a poor dog? Dogs got a right to live too, and there ain't nothing alive that doesn't eat something that's dead. That's the way the world runs. It's the way it was *made*. If you don't believe me, you read Darwin..."

"What we need is not fewer pit bulls but more people who act like pit bulls. You look at Reagan crawling to the summit meeting on his belly. He's acting like a Pekinese..."

"Dogs have got rights too. I believe in equality--I mean *real* equality. I believe that everything that moves is equal to everything else that moves. I count plants as moving because they grow. I don't think rocks are equal, because they don't kill anything in order to survive..."

"This country is in pretty bad shape when poor old animals are getting persecuted more than people."

GOOD THINGS FROM THE GARDEN

A black Republican minister from Virginia, the Rev. George Lucas, pleasantly surprised Ronald Reagan recently after the president concluded a talk to a small group. Rev. Lucas got up and called for a "moral revival in America." The president agreed that such a revival was needed and Lucas was an overnight celebrity.

The next day, when reporters asked Rev. Lucas why he had left the Democratic Party to become a Republican, Lucas explained that the Democrats lost him when they started supporting homosexuals. "God created Adam and Eve," Lucas said. "Not Adam and Steve."

DEEP THROAT STRIKES AGAIN

Bob Woodward of the *Washington Post* has written a new book on William Casey. Now, the widow of the late CIA director (who should know of what she speaks) has said that Woodward is, well, let's be blunt...a liar.

As of this writing, no one has pointed out that the late John Belushi's widow had similarly unkind things to say about Woodward's integrity, following the best-seller he wrote on Belushi's life, released posthumously. And let us remember too that the burden of Woodward's Watergate stories rested on the mysterious source now known by history as Deep Throat.

Perhaps the *Post* should consider a new logo: "We shall reveal no sources before they die."

THE NAME GAME

What we call a thing generally determines how we feel about that thing. For example, every one would like to make a strategic defense initiative. That's good, right? But no one wants to have star wars, which is real scary.

By that same logic, it becomes a great deal simpler to gain Congressional appropriations in support of something called a peacemaker missile than it would be to get funding for a B-1 Bomber. Bomb being one of those ugly words. All this is called the name game. Logic becomes the slave of nomenclature.

Now it's happening again in presidential politics 1987. Have you noticed that all the newspaper stories, all the television reports, about Republican candidate Pat Robertson begin this way: "Television evangelist, Pat Robertson said today...?" Or worse: "On the campaign trail today, faith healer Pat Robertson..."

Now c'mon guys. Why the cheap shots? obviously the phrase "television evangelist" is intended to convey a negative image of candidate Robertson, who happens to have some otherwise impressive qualifications. Calling Robertson a TV evangelist is a lot like writing "Ivy League fop and second banana George Bush said today..." It may be true, but why not let your readers (or viewers) decide connotation, while you provide them with facts?

If Bush is going to be described in the media simply as "Vice-president and former CIA director, George Bush" then Robertson should be "Christian Broadcasting Network Founder Pat Robertson" or possibly "CBN University Chancellor." Just give us the news, please, and leave it to the boys upstairs to write the editorials.

THE NAME GAME II

Another neat name trick is now being played by George Bush supporters in Wasington. They are just smart enough to know that they have only one big liability to their campaign: their candidate. Among other problems, his home in the GOP is the old Rockefeller wing of the Party, the group which (back in 1964) took unto itself the label "moderate" when they were fighting the Goldwater or "conservative" wing of the Party, from which Ronald Reagan subsequently emerged.

Well, now, in the post-Reagan Era, the "moderates" no longer like their name. Republicans generally (and correctly) view the moderate wing of their Party as squishy and oblivious to moral issues. So the old "moderates" want a new name, especially now that the New Right, under the leadership of Pat Robertson and Jack Kemp, has taken up the cause of the Party's conservative wing.

Therefore, without changing their philosophy at all, the "moderates" now want us to call them "enterprisers." And they want us to call the "conservatives" by a new name too. They are to be the "moralizers."

If this name change is successful, the War of the Words will, of course, tip in the favor of the old Bush-Rockefeller wing of the Republican Party, which has always had a gift for outmaneuvering the conservatives, even when the conservatives win elections (as they have every time the two wings have fought, with the single exception of Gerald Ford's nomination in 1976. And we know how that turned out).

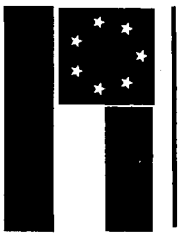
The trouble with the proposed name change is that the conservatives (cum moralizers) are much stronger for free enterprise than the enterprisers (cum moderates). But that may not matter if the news media decides to let the new labels stick. In our electronic age, a rose by any other name may not, in fact, smell the same, since aroma doesn't come across on television.

CONSTITUTION

Probably the best bicentennial essay on the Constitution was written by Southern partisan Forrest McDonald (this year's Jefferson Lecturer) and published in the *World and I,* a magazine put out by the *Washington Times.*

In his essay McDonald reminds us that the Constitution was not written in a philosophical vaccuum, that it has an important historical context, and that it reflects the Founding Fathers' distrust of the idea of absolute democracy.

In the recitation of bumper sticker slogans that has characterized much of the Bicentennial Commission's activities, McDonald's essay stands out in its clarity and integrity as a genuine contribution to the literature on the subject.



CSA TODAY

ALABAMA

On August 27th the 6th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals reversed the historic ruling of Judge Brevard Hand that forbade the use of textbooks with an anti-religious bias. The state of Alabama appealed Judge Hand's decision with the help of the American Civil Liberties Union and People for the American Way, the organization founded by Hollywood producer Norman Lear. This latest decision was not unexpected but the victors were crowing.

Alabama school Superintendent Wayne Teague said he was very pleased, since he believed the state Board of Education acted properly in adopting the books. And Arthur J. Kropp, speaking for Lear's organization, said, "today's hearing rights wrongs. Secular humanism is no religion. It's a rallying cry for the religious right, a catch-all for everything they disagree with about public education in America."

Tom Parker, the attorney for the 600 parents who originally filed the suit against the state of Alabama, will keep on trying. In the meantime, traditional Alabamians have a lot of work to do. Their state Board of Education needs to be educated and Wayne Teague needs replacing. He is a fly in many ointments. Also, the Republican governor, elected in 1986, must do better. Much better. He should take the lead in cleaning up this educational mess so that parents don't have to appeal to the courts when they want to keep the public schools from banishing religion. Right now he's behaving like Richard Nixon.

October
16th Annual National Shrimp Festival
(October 9-11)
Gulf Shores, Alabama (205) 968-7511

November
31st Annual Southern Championship
Charity Horse Show (November 3-7)
Montgomery, Alabama (205) 262-8600

December
Fourteenth Annual
Christmas Crafts Fair
(December 4-5) Cullman, Alabama
(205) 734-7279

ARKANSAS

Randy Herrod of Fort Smith is currently leading fundraising efforts in behalf of Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North. Herrod, who won the Silver Star for saving North's life in Vietnam, was a machine-gunner in North's platoon, known as the "Blue's Bastards" (Ollie's code name was "Blue"). Like many of North's old time friends, Herrod says that the beleagured Marine officer has always been just the way the American people now perceive him: honest, fearless, unbelievably dedicated, and courageous.

When Herrod was falsely accused of being a war criminal and seemed certain of conviction, North took twenty-two days of his accrued leave, paid his way back to Vietnam, and gathered the evidence necessary to acquit his former subordinate, despite the determination of some high military officials to use Herrod as a scapegoat for the growing anger over reported war crimes. Herrod says he wasn't surprised that North came back to help because he was "that kind of guy."

At present, Herrod is accepting speaking engagements all over the country in an effort to help defray the costs of what promises to be a very expensive legal defense. He is also writing an account of his relationship. Tentatively the book is called *Blue's Bastards: With Oliver North in Vietnam,* and Herrod hopes it will be out by early November.

October
2nd Annual Grant County Museum
Fall Tour of Historic Structures
(October 11) Sheridan, Arkansas
(501) 942-4496

November
4th Annual Arkansas
Steel Guitar Jamboree (November 6-8)
Hot Springs, Arkansas (501) 767-3841

December
4th Annual Madrigal Dinners
(December 7-8) Batesville, Arkansas
(501) 793-9813

FLORIDA

Governor Bob Martinez is in trouble with those Floridians who voted for him because he said he wouldn't raise taxes. Why? Because he says he's going to *raise* taxes.

Not only that, he's going to call the legislature into a special session to draft an amendment to the state constitution *prohibiting* the service tax, which he's already signed into law.

"But wait a minute," you say. "Is he in *favor* of the tax or *against* it?"

"Well, he's in favor of it, but he believes the amendment will be defeated, thereby giving the pro-tax people the kind of popular expression of support they really need."

"In other words, a no vote will mean you're in favor of the tax and a yes vote will mean you're not?"

"That's right."

"But isn't that a little confusing?"

"Sure. It's meant to be, because most folks are against the tax. And many will vote 'No,' thinking they are voting against the tax."

"But how does Martinez justify putting in a new tax when he said in his campaign he wouldn't?"

"Easy. He says he's supporting this tax to stop a worse tax from rearing its ugly head."

"This Martinez is a tricky booger, isn't he?"

"Yep. Almost as tricky as Claude Kirk, the only other modern Republican governor of Florida. He lasted one term."

October
Confederate Garrison Weekend
(Oct. 24, 25) Fernandina Beach,
Florida (904) 261-4212

November
5th Annual International
Fall Festival (Nov. 7, 8)
Port Charlotte, Florida
(813) 627-2568

Ringling Museum Crafts
Festival (Nov. 20-22)
Sarasota, Florida
(813) 355-5101

GEORGIA

The Rev. Ralph David Abernathy, who once headed Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) during more controversial times, has proven once again that he is a man of independent mind. In 1980 he broke with Coretta King and other black leaders when he endorsed Ronald Reagan for president. Indeed, one of the great stupidities of the current administration is its failure to utilize Abernathy in some fashion, while continuing to kowtow to the Widow King, who is now speaking out in behalf of homosexual rights.

Recently Abernathy has given further proof of his independence from Jesse Jackson and the Democrats by standing up for the Freedom Fighters in Nicaragua. Speaking in Washington, he brought down the house when he said he could not stand by and watch an "atheistic Communist regime" gain a foothold in Central America. So he is now Vice President of the American Freedom Coalition, a group dedicated to supporting the Contras and Oliver North.

Our appreciation of Abernathy's courage is exceeded only by our utter dismay that he continues to get the pariah treatment by Republican officialdom.

October
Stone Mountain Military Band
(October 15) Atlanta, Georgia
(404) 252-8875

November
Old South Day (November 14)
Ochlochnee, Georgia (912) 574-5151

December
Christmas Festival on Riverstreet
(December 5) Savannah, Georgia
(912) 234-0295

KENTUCKY

Farmers continue to suffer all over the South. In early September, the Bluegrass State reported a drop in farm earnings of $600 million in one year. About half of the loss was caused by a continuing slump in the tobacco market.

The agricultural economy is collapsing generically, among most all commodities (especially row crops). But tobacco in particular is in extreme distress because of anti-smoking campaigns which, at first, were merely persuasive or educational in nature. Now, all across the country, the tobacco abolitionists have decided to mandate new behavior by passing laws which forbide smoking and by encouraging businesses and government to discriminate against employees who smoke. In the context of an agricultural economy that's failing across the board, this delivers a double-whammey to the tobacco growers.

October
Cumberland Mountain Fall Festival
(October 9-11) Middlesboro, Kentucky
(606) 248-1075

November
Thanksgiving Day Feast
(November 26)
Old Washington, Kentucky
(606) 759-7423

December
My Old Kentucky Home
Candlelight Tours (November 1-5)
Bardstown, Kentucky (502) 348-3502

LOUISIANA

Dear Mini Sue:

The Long family reunion was a big bust this year. Only about thirty-five people showed up and the table looked pretty skimpy. You remember how it used to be in the past. In 1957 there was forty-five casseroles, seven kinds of meat, and four kinds of potato salad.

I guess the rest of the folks were either too busy or else forgot. (Uncle Russell didn't even show up, and you know how he loves to eat!!!)

Of course, Cousin Speedy was there, but he had to come because he's running for governor. And there's enough of us Longs left to pretty near elect him if we could all pull together. But it doesn't look like that will happen anytime soon. Not when only thirty-five people showed up at the family reunion. And when most of the chicken tasted like it came from t.v. dinners.

Love,
Aunt Maude

October
Plantation Day (October 31)
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
(504) 343-4955

November
Jambalaya Tours (November 26-28)
Clinton, Louisiana (504) 292-1447

December
Madewood Christmas
Heritage Banquet (December 12)
Napoleonville, Louisiana
(504) 524-1988

MARYLAND

Baltimore has been invaded again!

It seems to be the intention of Mr. Jefferson Miller and the Maryland Historical Society (MHS) to close forever the Union and Confederate Rooms of the Society's Museum. In their place will be a more or less permanent "tapestry" of our state's rich Civil War history. Significant and insignificant artifacts will be woven together into a pabulum facade which the Society touts as "relevant to Maryland history."

How little Mr. Miller seems to understand the very heart of Maryland. Her identity has never been washed over in such a manner.

Similar to the attitudes of former conquerers, MHS essentially said it would do as it pleases, and now, a priceless collection of twenty-four Confederate uniforms (the fourth

largest in the country) may never again see the light of day.

—Harry E. Bichy

October
Olde Princess Anne Days
(October 10-11)
Princess Anne, Maryland
(301) 651-1705

November
The Waterfowl Festival
(November 13-15) Easton, Maryland
(301) 822-4567

December
Holiday Exhibition,
Maryland Federation of Art, Inc.
(December 2-28) Annapolis, Maryland
(301) 268-4566

MISSISSIPPI

It looks as if Ray Mabus will become the youngest governor in the country when he defeats Republican Jack Reed this fall. Reed--a lackluster Tupolo businessman--is typical of the squishiness of Mississippi's Republican party, which handpicks its own nominees. The Republicans haven't elected a governor since Reconstruction, largely because they keep nominating the same kind of people they won with in 1868.

Mabus, on the other hand, is young, attractive; and because he was state auditor, he received much of the credit for the FBI's Sting operation which revealed widespread corruption in Mississippi's state government.

Some people say that Mabus will beat Reed by as much as John Stennis beat Haley Barbour a few years ago.

October
Fall Pilgrimage (October 3-17)
Natchez, Mississippi (601) 446-6631

November
Mistletoe Market Place
(November 5-7) Jackson, Mississippi
(601) 352-1113

Antique Forum (November 11-14)
Natchez, Mississippi (601) 446-6631

MISSOURI

The workers of Wellston have united--but not in the way the Bolsheviks had in mind. A General Electric plant recently announced plans to close down, due to a grim economic picture. Some 400 employees were about to lose their jobs. So, the workers revolted

Missouri stock is apparently pumped full of ingenuity. Rather than lose their jobs, these folks came up with a new management plan to revitalize the GE plant and to blacken the profit-loss statement.

Management played along, and to everyone's surprise, profits went up, dramatically enough to cancel plans to close the plant. At this writing, we do not know whether workers are now wearing ties while management unbuttons the collars of their new blue shirts.

October
3rd Annual Missouri Day Festival
(October 16-18) Trenton, Missouri
(816) 359-4324

26th Annual Arts and Crafts Festival
(October 17-18) Cuba, Missouri
(314) 885-2531/7960

November
Old-Fashioned Christmas
in Historic Washington
(November 27) Washington, Missouri
(314) 239-3293

NORTH CAROLINA

Next time, Tommy Dean Anderson and Gary Paul Dazis of King's Mountain are going to party a little more carefully. After a rough Saturday night this past August 8th they lay down under the stars to take a short nap, and that's when the freight train ran over them.

Lieutenant Terry Lanier of the police said that what saved them was stretching out between the rails and relaxing. Anderson, 17, and Dazis, 18, received a few scratches and bruises, but otherwise they were just fine.

October
Dixie Classic Fair (October 2-10)
Winston-Salem, North Carolina
(919) 727-2236

November
Raleigh Gun and Knife Show
(November 14-15)
Raleigh, North Carolina
(919) 772-5070

December
Christmas Open House (December 6)
Durham, North Carolina
(919) 477-9835

SOUTH CAROLINA

A female police officer in Columbia, working a desk job, recently received a series of obscene phone calls right there at the police department. She tried keeping the caller on the phone so that the line could be traced, but all the fancy equipment at the phone company failed to get a fix on the number.

After nearly a dozen calls with enough heavy breathing to launch the Goodyear blimp, finally the culprit was apprehended in a dazzling display of modern police science. It turns out that the caller was a prisoner using the pay telephone at the Central Correctional Institute. Like all master criminals, this one too made that small mistake proving once again that there's no such thing as the perfect crime. In making his last obscene call, the man (out of quarters) called collect.

October
Fall Tour of Homes (October 9-10)
Beaufort, South Carolina
(803) 524-6334

November
Evening with Ossie Davis
and Rubie Dee (November 7)
Georgetown, South Carolina
(803) 546-2561

December
Christmas in Charleston
(December 1-31)
Charleston, South Carolina
(803) 723-7641

TENNESSEE

Andrew Lytle, the region's most distinguished man of letters, has once again been put forth for a Freedom Medal by his supporters in Washington. Shortly after his name

was proposed last time, the President gave the award to Louis L'Amour, who writes Western romances. Lytle, whose work will be read 100 years from now, is a genuine literary artist rather than a pop figure like L'Amour, who by playing to the crowd has already earned his just desserts in enormous royalty checks.

Lytle--novelist, critic, historian, and social commentator--has sacrificed fame and wealth in order to write about eternal human truths and to defend Christian tradition against the onslaught of modernity. Ronald Reagan owes his election in part to the intellectual seeds that the Southern Agrarians planted back in 1930, when Reagan himself was a liberal Democrat.

Obviously these awards are to some degree politically inspired, otherwise they would not have gone the way they have. The President and his party owe the South a debt they have not yet begun to pay. Now, because the hour is late, we will have to take matters into our own hands.

For those of you who care about the literary and philosophical underpinnings of the South, please write today to your congressman, senator, and the President, asking that Andrew Lytle be given this medal in recognition of a lifetime's work in the cause of traditional Christian values. If as few as 100 respond to this plea, there is a good possibility that something could be done. Write today--and if you have any time left over, call the White House. Chances are 50-50 that there's somebody awake there.

October - November
Tennessee Strings
(October 24-November 14)
Crossville, Tennessee
(615) 484-5000

November
Mid-South Arts and Crafts Show/Sale
(November 20-22)
Memphis, Tennessee
(901) 363-4178

November - December
Smoky Mountain Christmas
(November 28 - December 19)
Gatlinburg, Tennessee
(800) 251-9868

TEXAS

Killer armadillos are reported in Texas, making life dangerous for the skeleton crews now guarding unused oil rigs. It seems the armadillos are hunting in packs now, devouring cows and even horses that are too lame to run with any speed.

"It's eerie," said Clyde Fenger, an old timer in the oil fields. "You'll be sitting there, listening to the wind, and suddenly in the distance you'll hear these howls and then a cow bellowing with pain. There's people who say it isn't armadillos, that the wolves have come back. Well, the cries may sound like wolves, but the tracks are armadillo tracks. I'm afraid they'll come after me."

Meanwhile, officials of the Danland Oil Company have refused to answer queries regarding the disappearance of one of their employees, James Webb, who was standing night guard on one of their drillsites, on July 14. He disappeared and has not been heard from since. Local police say that Webb probably left the area of his own volition, but his wife says he was a happy man and would never have left Texas without taking her. Meanwhile, one of the boots he was wearing has been found.

"It was the armadillos," said Fenger. "If it was Governor Bill Clements that got eaten up, then it might get some attention. But nobody cares about folks like us."

October
Confederate Air Force Airshow '87
(October 8-11) Harlingen, Texas
(512) 425-1057

Martyn Farm Fall Festival
at Armand Bayou (October 17-18)
Houston, Texas (713) 474-2551

November
Texas Renaissance Festival
(November 1-15) Plantersville, Texas
(713) 827-8924

VIRGINIA

The folks in Virginia are very unhappy with Senator Paul Trible, who joined Senator Biden in bashing Lt. Col. Oliver North during the Iran-Contra hearings. Like Rudman and Cohen, also Republicans, Trible sounded more like an Eastern Democrat than a Virginia Republican. According to a report in the *Washington Times*, his constituents flooded his office with protests, but the arrogant Trible just kept swinging away, like a boxer who doesn't hear the bell. Particularly annoying was Trible's support of George Schultz and his policy of squeamish surrender in Central America.

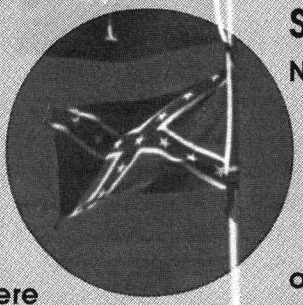
As a consequence, a familiar name is being sounded among democrats as well as Republicans--"Byrd," in this case Tom Byrd, old Harry Byrd's grandson. It would serve Trible and the Republicans right if Byrd would stick with the party of his father and grandfather, bury Trible, and keep the seat for a lifetime. Southern Republicans must remember that their party is still a liability in all states in the region, and they're going to have to behave better than the Democrats in order to win. If you don't believe that, ask the four who weren't reelected last year.

October
Annual Civil War Series (October 15)
Loudoun County, Virginia
(703) 777-7427

November
The Constitution Makers
(November 19-21)
Williamsburg, Virginia
(804) 229-1000

December
Christmas Walking Tours
(December 26-28) Alexandria, Virginia
(703) 548-0100 or 549-0205

TAKE YOUR STAND TO SAVE THE FLAG



The Confederate Battle Flag is the symbol of the South. It stands for who we are. It flies to honor fallen heroes and to remind us of a special legacy built on honor and courage.

Over 300,000 men died bravely under that Flag. They were our ancestors – our forefathers – men and women who sanctified with their life's blood a heritage now symbolized by that Banner. From the ashes of defeat, with their homes reduced to embers, the spirit of our fathers survived. And that Flag gives testimony to the survival of their spirit in us.

Does It Stand For Slavery?

Of course not. Over 80% of the men who fought for the Confederacy never owned slaves (indeed, thousands of black Southerners fought under that Flag). Those who now seek to tear the Flag down and those who wave it as a racist symbol both share the same ignorant view of history.

Should It Be Taken Down?

No. We must never allow a small group of misguided people to make us ashamed of our past. The time has come to protect the integrity of our heritage. Symbols define who we are and where we come from. No one should ask us to deny our past or to repudiate the memory of our ancestors.

What Can You Do?

You can help save the Flag and promote a better understanding of the true Southern tradition by supporting the Southern Heritage Fund. With this advertisement, we are launching a nationwide petition drive to save the Flag. Your support can help prove to the public officials who must decide this issue that we do care about the Flag and what it really stands for.

Why Is This So Urgent?

Because certain pressure groups are now trying to ban the Confederate Battle Flag from public display in Southern States--and they want to ban the song "Dixie" from public performances.

PLEASE HELP NOW!

Yes! I am willing to support the Southern Heritage Fund. I believe we should protect the Battle Flag as a symbol of the independent and unbroken spirit of the Southern people (both those who were born in the South and those who have chosen the South as their home).

I urge my Senators and Representatives to save the Battle Flag, the song "Dixie" and other symbols of the old South.

My Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NOTE: Please clip this petition and mail it to The Southern Heritage Fund. Also, if you can, please help pay for the cost of advertisements we plan to publish across the South by enclosing a contribution to The Southern Heritage Fund in your envelope. Please check the amount:

☐ $25 ☐ $50 ☐ $75 ☐ Other $_____

Support The Southern Heritage Fund

Post Office Box 11719, Columbia, South Carolina 29211

JAMES THORNWELL

and Southern Religion

by Eugene D. Genovese

The God-fearing, Bible-reading, hymn-singing Confederate army grew out of a Southern soil well cultivated during the long struggle of countless, if largely unsung, preachers to civilize a harsh and violent frontier. Personal piety and Bible-centered family circles bolstered the churches in a successful effort to shape the regional culture. The churches assumed responsibility for the education, especially moral, of the people, high and low and to a degree rarely appreciated, they set the terms for a vast consensus on the proper foundations of the social order.

Let there be no mistake: a firm commitment to slavery lay at the heart of that consensus, but few dared to enter public discussion of slavery's character and consequences without being prepared to ground their views in Scripture. For unlike the North, the South resisted the rising pressure to slight the Word and reduce the Spirit to philosophical speculation. In helping to forge that conservative sensibility, the most humble preachers stood with the most sophisticated theologians. For, much like the leading secular intellectuals (most of whom also took religious ground) they did not suffer that acute alienation from their society which was becoming the hallmark of the intellectuals of the North and, indeed, of the whole of trans-Atlantic bourgeois society.

The Southern intellectuals, lay and clerical, have for the most part been swept into that famous Dustbin of History, to which those who back losing causes are routinely consigned. With a few honorable exceptions, our historians assure us that the Old South had no intellectual life worthy of the name and scarcely any intellectuals who remain worth reading today. It would take little effort to expose these assertions as rubbish, but let me settle for the observation that the Southern theologians easily held their own with the Northern, and that, in James Henley Thornwell of South Carolina (1812-1862), the South had a brain second to none.

The son of a particularly successful upcountry overseer and a devout Calvinistic Baptist mother, Thornwell had opportunities uncommon for his class. Bright and disciplined, he seized them. His widowed mother found patrons to sponsor his education, and he received some private tutoring to supplement time in an old field school and an academy. He was graduated from South Carolina College with highest distinction and within a few years returned there to teach. Thornwell's entry into the ministry surprised his college mates for he had not been especially pious as a student and had been expected to plunge into a political career.

Thornwell rose to become one of the foremost leaders of a state that burst with outstanding men. Calhoun considered him a giant among men, notwithstanding political differences over nullification and much else. He served with distinction as President of South Carolina College, the finest institution of higher learning in the South and one of the finest in the nation. He edited the prestigious *Southern Presbyterian Review* and served as pastor of the socially and politically powerful Presbyterian congregation in Columbia. A staunch advocate of *jure divino,* he was widely recognized as a premier ecclesiologist, even by his adversaries. His impact on eminent and influential Southern divines--Palmer, Adger, Smyth, among others--could hardly be exaggerated. And withal, he emerged, by common consent, as the greatest theologian in the South, arguably in the nation. Among other accomplishments, his contributions to the theory and practice of education could be read with profit today for the light they shed on current concerns.

With regret I must here pass lightly over his theology, for his sermons and essays on the Trinity, the personality of God, and other subjects have much to teach about the human condition and its prospects. Our immediate concern is with his social and political thought, and much of his best efforts in defense of orthodox Calvinism remain beside the point. For while it is true, and of capital importance, that he grounded his world view in theology, the relevant portions of his work pertain less to Calvinist specifics than to those doctrines he shared even with the Arminian Methodists. Had it not been so, not merely for Thornwell but for the Southern divines as a whole, the Old South's discernibly conservative view of social order and its Christian defense of slavery could never have achieved consensus. To put it another way, a particular doctrine of the Fall, original sin, and the Atonement undergirded his social theory, but it did so at the most general level to which all Christians might subscribe. The Methodist Bishop George Foster Pierce, the Baptist Rev. Thornton Stringfellow, and the New School Presbyterian Rev. Frederick A. Ross, among many others, disagreed among themselves on the ways of salvation but agreed on a defense of slavery that derived from their common Christian principles.

Thornwell identified as the foundation of all Christian thought the personality of God and His readiness to condescend to commune with His creatures. He insisted that the Word alone could not save us, for it constituted the means, not the source, of life. "The Spirit *and* the Bible, this is the great principle of Protestant Christianity." But for Thornwell, unlike the liberal theologians and heterodox Calvinists who were sweeping the North and increasingly espousing Abolitionism, the Spirit could not be invoked as an excuse to slight the Word. For without the supremacy of the Word in the popular mind, "the most enormous crimes" would be committed in the name of religion. Hence, we cannot expect to know the Word unless in-

The name of James H. Thornwell lives on in Clinton, South Carolina, through the ministry of the Thornwell Home for Children.

In 1875, Dr. William Plummer Jacobs, former student and friend of Dr. Thornwell's and then pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Clinton, opened the doors of an orphanage named for his mentor, who was also an orphan. Jacob's purpose was to provide a home and education for children rendered fatherless by the War and by Reconstruction.

Now no longer regarded as an orphanage, the ministry of Thornwell Home has changed over the years. In January of 1987, the Board of Trustees adopted a new mission statement expanding the scope of service to include both children and families.

But the essential commitment is the same. After 112 years of Christian service, the Thornwell Home still stands as a tribute to the vision of a great Southern religious leader.

fused by the Spirit, for "faith is an intuition awakened by the Holy Ghost." With that intuition, "the Bible becomes no longer a dead letter, but a spirit, and religion is not a tradition, but a life." In consequence, the "true principle, the only infallible source and measure of religious truth is the Word of God...the Sacred Scriptures."

From these few, firm, general Christian principles Thornwell derived his view of the Church and of human affairs. But as with his view of the natural world, he left ample space for the sciences, natural and social, and made signal contributions to the campaign, spearheaded by the Old Presbyterians, to establish true science as being in harmony with Scripture. The attempted reconciliation, promoted through advocacy of the Baconian inductive method, ultimately ended in a disaster for the churches, but in the South it fared well before the War. We must pass over it here, but should note that Thornwell's scripturally grounded socio-political views took full account of the generally accepted political economy and sociology of his day and were by no means lazy extrapolations from selected sacred texts.

Thornwell's contemporaries, intending a compliment, often referred to him as "the Calhoun of the Church," and historians, not all of whom have intended a compliment, have followed suit. No doubt he was, but we might pause to reflect that no one has ever called Calhoun "the Thornwell of the state." As a no-quarter defender of *jure divino* and as the foremost

exponent of the republican nature of scripturally sanctioned church polity, Thornwell did in fact parallel Calhoun's efforts in political theory, as both of them appreciated. Yet there is a danger in the compliment, which his Christian contemporaries should have seen in the first instance, and which critical historians have seen all too well. For it suggests that Thornwell's orthodox theology represented a grand apologetic for the political ideology inherent in his views of church and state, considered separately and in inter-relation. To the contrary, his views of church polity and of social order, including his subtle defense of slavery, derived from his theology, for he was concerned, first and foremost, with God and salvation. With undoubted sincerity he declared that if the Southern people could be convinced of the sinfulness of slavery, they would waste no time in putting it on the road to extinction.

Here and elsewhere Thornwell put his finger on an essential feature of the unfolding tragedy of the Old South: The God-fearing Southern people turned to the Bible to justify slavery as God-ordained, and the Bible did not disappoint them. Their theologians rent the Abolitionists, at least on the essentials, in their war of Biblical exegesis. Increasingly, the Abolitionists had to retreat to arguments from the Spirit rather than the Word--a procedure that served them well among the many Northerners for whom the Word was becoming something of a nuisance, but a procedure that ruined them among the country people of the South, who resisted all theological liberalism, however nicely packaged as neo-Calvinism.

Thornwell's sermons and essays on slavery passed into an extraordinary critique of the condition of the modern world and represent a peak moment in the development of Southern thought, but they contain deeply disquieting implications for Southern conservatives and for all others who seek an accurate understanding of a conflicted--or, if you prefer, a sinful--world.

Thornwell had a taste for polemics and a reputation for swinging hard. Normally, he restrained himself in a manner appropriate to a Southern gentleman, but he had bad moments, as in his denunciation of Charles Hodge. Poor Hodge. There he was, the joy of the Old School Presbyterians in the North, much as Thornwell was in the South; Thornwell's powerful ally against the New School and against all opponents of orthodoxy; an outspoken defender of Southern rights and of the scriptural justification for slavery. Yet when he took a conciliatory position on questions of church polity, Thornwell went for his jugular. "Hodge's argument is utterly rotten." And that was for openers.

Thornwell was not a man to take lightly questions that others might treat as mere matters of tactic or administration. The struggle concerned the church boards and the rights and powers of the ruling elders. Beneath the specifics lay the question of power and authority--of the relation of the elders to the laity and of the Church to the world. Thornwell took high-church ground. Hodge, an ultra-conservative in the North, looked like a liberal temporizer in South Carolina. His concessions to the laity had two defects: They broke with Scripture and, however inadvertently, they opened a wedge to the democratic radicalism that was threatening to inundate church and state. The struggle for order in the Church thus combined an intransigent view of Scriptural authority with a deep commitment to social stratification. For Thornwell, the power of the Church "is solely ministerial and declarative...Whatever is not commanded [in the Bible], expressly or implicitly, is unlawful." Conversely, he condemned the notion that whatever is not forbidden is allowable. The silence of Scripture amounts to a prohibition.

The analogy to Calhoun's constitutional theory could hardly be missed, but Thornwell left nothing to chance. "The Church, like the Government of the United States, is a positive institution, with positive grants of power, and whatever is not given, is *withheld*." The scripturally sanctioned rulers of the Church "stand in the same relation to the Church that the rulers of the United States sustain to the people...The ideal of the freest, noblest government under heaven, which Milton so rapturously sketched, corresponds, without an exception, to our Presbyterian, representative republic."

Moving from Church to state--significantly, in a sermon on "The Christian Doctrine of Slavery"--he denounced the political radicalism of the age and upheld "representative, republican government against the despotism of the masses on the one hand, and the supremacy of a single will on the other." In this sermon, as in others, Thornwell assailed the Abolitionists for waging wars not merely on slavery as a peculiar form of property, not merely on Southern rights as the bastion of the Constitution, but on the very principle of social order. Implicitly, sometimes explicitly, the Abolitionists were attacking all class distinctions and legitimate authority. Indeed, they were attacking Christianity itself since the Bible commanded social stratification and subordination in the wake of the Fall. Thornwell charged that the Abolitionist argument "fully and legitimately carried out, would condemn every arrangement of society, which did not secure to its members an absolute equality of position; it is the very spirit of socialism and communism." And in one of his fiercest polemical outbursts, he added, "The parties in this conflict are not merely Abolitionists and Slaveholders; they are Atheists, Socialists, Communists, Red Republicans, Jacobins on the one side, and the friends of order and regulated freedom on the

other. In one word, the world is the battle ground, Christianity and Atheism the combatants, and the progress of humanity the stake."

Thornwell and his fellow Southern divines argued --and, I regret to say, demonstrated--that the Old Testament established slavery as ordained of God, and that Jesus, who spoke not one word against it and did not exclude slaveholders from the Church, reaffirmed the sanction. But many of the divines, with Thornwell at their head, went further and subsumed slavery under the general principle of social subordination. Thus they repeatedly and forcefully associated the subordination of slaves to masters with the prior subordination of women to men. Thornwell denounced all equality other than spiritual as contrary to God's law and, in effect, made slavery a special case in the general subordination of the laboring classes to the propertied. Note it well: He did not take racial ground, except to the extent that he regarded blacks as inferiors who were peculiarly destined as a race to be among the hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Had Thornwell simply peddled the myth of Ham, according to which blacks lay under a special curse, as many lesser minds and weaker scholars did, his defense of slavery and his social thought in general would be of little interest and would--or should--constitute an embarrassment to his admirers. But, like many other able Southern divines albeit with greater learning, clarity, and depth, he recognized that the Bible sanctioned slavery in general--"in the abstract," as his contemporaries put it--not black slavery in particular. For God had ordained slavery among the ancient Israelites without regard to race, as "race" came to be understood. Thornwell knew, and modern scholarship confirms, that members of all races, including the Caucasian, were subject to lawful enslavement and that slavery was established as a special case of a wider social subordination. It might be noted that Thornwell, while holding blacks to be inferior, assailed the scientific racism according to which blacks were a separate species, and that he held a cautiously hopeful view of the future of the race. Pseudo-scientific theories of race he denounced as unscriptural. He bravely stood against hostile demonstrations in Charleston to bring blacks into the Church and declared, "We are not ashamed to call him [the black man] our *brother*!"

For Thornwell, the essential problem remained that of a proper Christian social order. With George Fitzhugh, he considered the race question a regionally specific complication. He pointed to the deepening crisis of European society, which he observed first-hand in his travels, and expressed horror at the condition of the English poor. He concluded that Europe was already facing, and the North would soon face, all-out class war and revolutionary turmoil. Consequently, he projected slavery as the Christian solution to the Social Question. In the bluntest possible language, he predicted that the capitalist countries would have to institute a labor system so close to Southern slavery as to be indistinguishable from it.

Now, Thornwell had studied political economy and did not challenge its reigning Ricardian and Malthusian "laws." He could not, however, rest comfortably with its callous disregard of the human misery inherent in capitalist economic development. He must surely have gagged on the analysis of George Tucker, Virginia's outstanding political economist, according to which slavery would disappear as the price of free labor fell below that of slave. For stripped of the complacent, not to say cold-blooded, celebration of economic progress, the analysis pointed toward the immiserization of the laboring classes, white and black. Thornwell acknowledged that those economic laws, if left to work themselves out in a marketplace society, would generate the result, but he had the wit to know that economic laws alone do not direct the course of man. He expected the suffering laborers to rise with revolutionary violence against so monstrous a system, and he sought a solution that would be conservative in its adherence to the principles of social order and yet humane in its insistence that the privileged classes accept responsibility for their inferiors. He found that solution in the personal subordination of the laborer to some form of slavery or industrial serfdom. That such a solution would have impeded economic progress he surely knew, but we may doubt that he lost much sleep over the prospect.

Thornwell marched at the head of a swelling army of Southern divines of all denominations, who were in tandem with the secular theorists. Indeed, twenty years earlier the great Thomas Roderick Dew, notwithstanding his utter devotion to the Manchester School and his enthusiasm for the progress of capitalism and free society, gloomily projected a worldwide proslavery reaction. Yet in one sense Thornwell was no friend to slavery at all. Like many southern divines he ruthlessly criticized its evils and demanded such sweeping reforms as the legal sanction of slave marriages, repeal of the laws against slave literacy, and effective measures to punish cruel masters. In short, he demanded that Southern slavery be made to conform to biblical and Christian standards. On the eve of secession he even flirted with the idea of proposing gradual emancipation.

But what did Thornwell understand by emancipation? This, after all, was the same man who, at that very moment, was recommending slavery as a solution to Europe's Social Question. He meant raising the blacks out of chattel slavery into some kind of industrial serfdom or "warranteeism," as Henry Hughes of Mississippi called it--raising the blacks, with re-

quisite racial qualification, to the level of the white laboring classes that were on their way to the same fate. He envisioned a system that would subordinate all laborers to personal masters while it guaranteed not only cradle-to-grave security but respect for the individual and the family beyond that which the existing southern system as yet provided.

Shortly before his death Thornwell went further. Cautiously, in a "Sermon on National Sins," preached on the eve of the War, and boldly in a remarkable paper on "Relation of the State to Christ," prepared for the Presbyterian Church as a memorial to be sent to the Confederate Congress, he called upon the South to dedicate itself to Christ. He criticized the American Founding Fathers for having forgotten God and for having opened the Republic to the will of the majority. "A foundation was thus laid for the worst of all possible forms of government--a democratic absolutism..." To the extent that the state is a moral person, he insisted, "it must needs be under moral obligation, and moral obligation without reference to a superior will is a flat contradiction in terms." Thornwell demanded that the new Constitution be amended to declare the Confederacy in submission to Jesus, for "to Jesus Christ all power in heaven and earth is committed." Vague recognition of God would not do. The state must recognize the God of the Bible--the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Thornwell made clear that he wanted neither an established Church nor religious tests. The state must guarantee liberty of conscience for all: "He may be Atheist, Deist, infidel, Turk, or Pagan: it is no concern of the State so long as he walks orderly." Could a Jew become Chief Magistrate? Certainly, so long as he does nothing in office "inconsistent with the Christian religion." By all means separate Church and state, but do not delude yourself that you can separate the state from religion. At issue lay the moral basis of society, which, Thornwell argued, had to be informed by one religious system and, therefore, in the Protestant South, by Christianity. (I cannot prove that T.S. Eliot read Thornwell's essay, although I suspect as much, but I would invite a comparison of "Relation of the State to Christ" with Eliot's celebrated essay, "The Idea of a Christian Society.")

Thornwell's foray had a sharply critical edge. He warned, in the sternest terms his Calvinist soul could muster, that God was testing his people; that their victory would depend upon repentance; that, specifically, they must be prepared to do justice to the slaves and all others placed in their charge:

> *God is the ruler among the nations; and the people who refuse Him their allegiance shall be broken with a rod of iron, or dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel. Our republic [the CSA] will perish like the Pagan republics of Greece and Rome, unless we baptize it into the name of Christ... We long to see, what the world has never yet beheld, a truly Christian Republic, and we humbly hope that God has reserved it for the people of these Confederate States to realize the grand and glorious idea. God has wooed us by extraordinary goodness; He is now tempering us by gentle chastisements. Let the issue be the penitent submission of this great people at the footstool of His Son.*

Thornwell's theology and ecclesiology are not much in fashion today, but, then, fashions have a way of waning and returning. And the proslavery specifics of his social thought are, let us pray, interred with him. But it would hardly be wise to discount his larger views, which contain valuable insights into the problem of reconciling democracy with freedom as well as penetrating explorations of human psychology and its political ramifications--explorations I have only been able to hint at. Unbiased study of his work ought to enlighten anyone, from any part of the political spectrum, who reflects on his heroic attempt to envision a Christian society that could reconcile--so far as possible in a world haunted by evil--the conflicting claims of social order with social justice and both with the freedom and dignity of the individual.

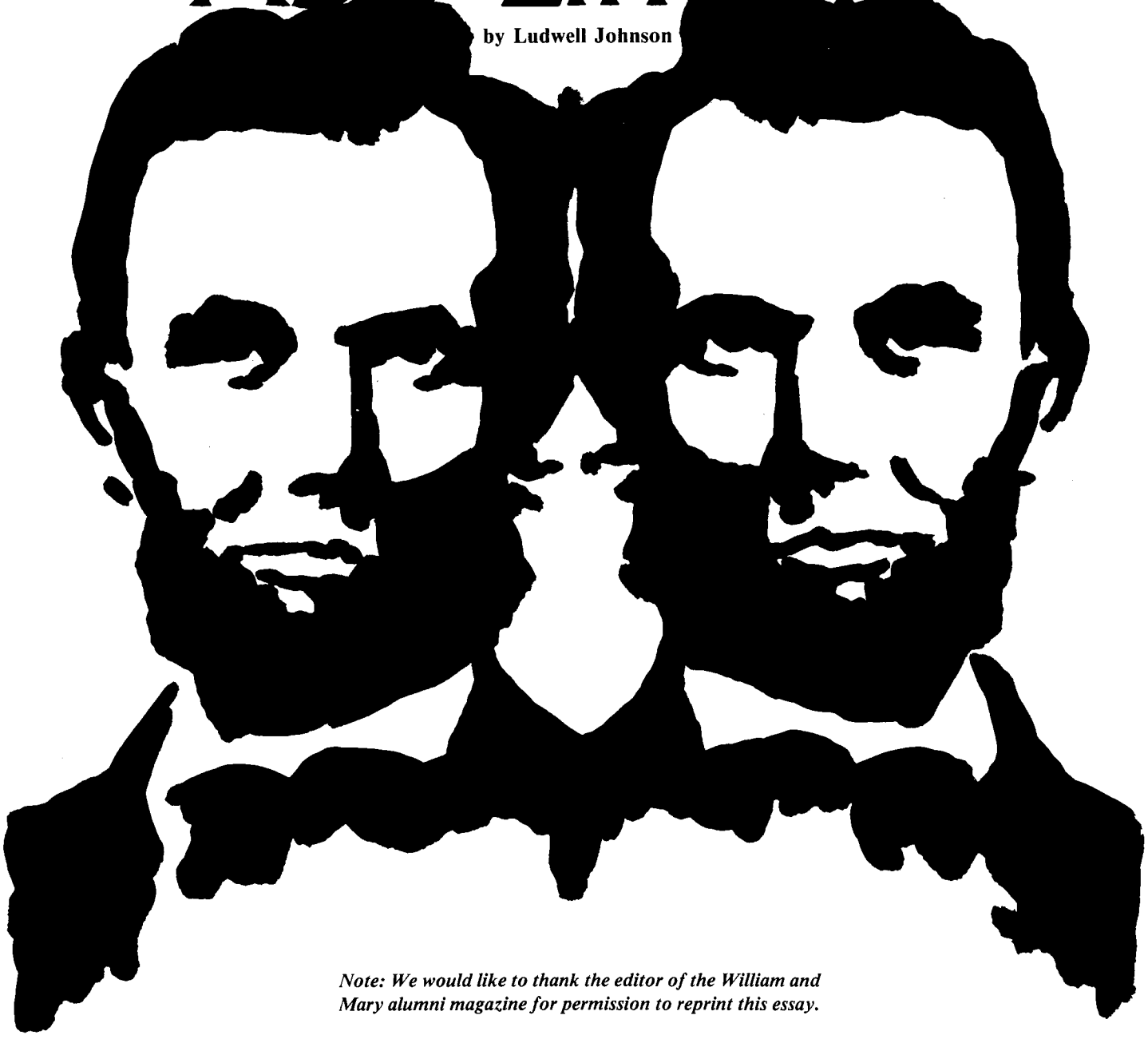
I should not presume to tell southern conservatives where to place Thornwell in their tradition, but, surely, a straight line runs from him to the Agrarians, who, astonishingly, slighted the thought of all the antebellum theologians. That straight line runs counter to any romance with the ideals and practice of the marketplace, which today entrance Neoconservatives and refurbished nineteenth-century liberals. For if southern conservatives, in contradistinction to conservatives who are southerners, have a tradition to appeal to--and I believe they have a great one--it is a tradition that has resisted bourgeois society, its atomistic culture and its marketplace morality.

Evaluating that tradition and Thornwell's place in it, I might be told, is your concern, not mine. But the enormities of our century and our common fate in a world of nuclear weapons and a technological capacity for unprecedented assaults on human dignity and the human spirit compel me to risk the presumption. For the questions that that great man raised, the brave if often unacceptable answers he advanced, and the insights into ourselves he offered continue to speak to all honest and sane men. ☆

Eugene D. Genovese lives in Atlanta. A historian, he writes primarily about the Old South and is now at work, with Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, on a book on "The Mind of the Master Class: The Life and Thought of Southern Slaveholders."

In Search of the Real Abe Lincoln

by Ludwell Johnson



Note: We would like to thank the editor of the William and Mary alumni magazine for permission to reprint this essay.

This is the first of two essays by Ludwell Johnson on the War Between the States — why it was fought and how it changed America. Here, Professor Johnson probes the Lincoln myth and asks why so many people strive so desperately to believe in the purity of Lincoln's motives. In the next issue, we'll find out why — and much more. You don't want to miss either of these important articles.

No one interested in American history can escape Abraham Lincoln. Over the years the outpouring of books, articles, essays, and poems has been enormous, so much so that this form of activity is sometimes referred to as "the Lincoln industry." With all of this attention devoted to one man, how can there be a "Lincoln puzzle"? Surely all Americans know him — walking for miles to borrow (or return) books, reading by firelight, splitting fence rails, wrestling with the boys (always winning) — this simple, rugged, honest son of the frontier, a man of the people, called by them to save the Union and free the slaves, presiding with melancholy anguish over a long and bloody war, comforting Mrs. Bixby for the loss of her sons. Is this not what they see when they go to the Lincoln Memorial and look up at that brooding giant whose somber gaze seems to penetrate the very meaning of life? Where is the puzzle?

What Americans see is the legendary Lincoln, who began to take shape when he was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth on Good Friday. The legend-making that followed must be understood within the context of the religious currents of the day, in particular millennialism. This was the belief, then pervading much of American Protestantism, that the Revelation of St. John the Divine was about to be fulfilled. The promised battle against Satan was at hand, and when Satan was bound there would begin the thousand years' kingdom of God on earth, followed by the Second Coming of Christ and the Final Judgement. From the time of the settlement of New England, prominent divines such as Jonathan Edwards had connected the coming of the millennium with the founding of the colonies and had identified Americans as the Chosen People of God and America as the place where the millennium would begin. But the way for this great event had to be prepared by purifying society. This meant battling Satan, whose principal manifestation, to northern Protestants, was the slaveholding South.

So when the war came it was seen as nothing less than Armageddon. The favorite war song of the North, Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic," was filled with images from Revelation. Union armies marched south to "trample out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored" (Rev. 14:19-20). The events of the war were often described as the enactment of John's prophecies. When Richmond fell, a leading religious paper said: "Who can ever forget the day? Pentecost fell upon Wall Street, till the bewildered inhabitants suddenly spake in unknown tongues — singing the doxology to the tune of 'Old Hundred!' ...The city of Richmond [had fallen], Babylon the Great, Mother of Harlots and Abominations of the Earth....Rejoice over her thou, Heavens." And so on it went. (The reader may refer to Rev. 17:5; 18:20-21.)

This, then, was the atmosphere when at the moment of his final triumph, the leader in this war against "the Beast" was struck down —on Good Friday. Two days later, on what was called "Black Easter," from pulpit after pulpit the life and death of Abraham Lincoln were assimilated to Christian eschatology.

Here was created an important component of the legendary Lincoln. For many, Lincoln became a symbolic Christ, for some, perhaps, more than symbolic. They could scarcely help themselves, the parallels were so striking. He was the savior of the Union, God's chosen instrument for bringing the millennium to suffering humanity, born in a log cabin (close enough to a stable), son of a carpenter. (Later on, incidentally, there were those who believed that such an ordinary man as Thomas Lincoln could not have fathered such a son, that there was a mystery about Lincoln's paternity.) He was a railsplitter (close enough to carpentry), a humble man with the human touch, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, called by his followers to supreme greatness, struck down by Satan's minions on Good Friday. Said one minister in his Black Easter sermon, "It is no blasphemy against the Son of God and the Saviour of Men that we declare the fitness of the slaying of the second Father of our Republic on the anniversary of the day on which he was slain. Jesus Christ died for the world, Abraham Lincoln died for his country....The last and costliest offering which God demanded has been taken." Another spoke of his "mighty sacrifice ....for the sins of his people." Yet another proposed that not April 15, but Good Friday be considered the anniversary of Lincoln's death. "We should make it a movable fast and ever keep it beside the cross and grave of our blessed Lord, in whose service and for whose gospel he

became a victim and a martyr." For years after the war the rumor persisted that Lincoln's tomb in Springfield was empty. Lincoln was also frequently compared to Moses, who led his people to the Promised Land that he was not allowed to enter, and, like Moses after viewing Canaan, was taken by death.

The preachers did have one awkward problem: the martyred president had been shot while in a theater. To the pious of those days a theater was little better than a bawdy house. What was the chosen of God doing in a place like that on Good Friday? Of all the tortured explanations and fabrications, perhaps a Springfield Baptist minister came up with the best. He testified that Mrs. Lincoln herself had told him that her husband "paid little or no attention to the actors on the stage that night. Instead, he talked with his wife about his future plans. He wanted to visit the Holy Land to see the places hallowed by the footsteps of the Saviour. 'He was saying there was no city he so much desired to see as *Jerusalem;* and with that word half spoken on his tongue, the bullet of the assassin entered his brain.' " As historian David Donald has pointed out, Lincoln was saved from complete deification by the American love for folk heroes, and so he developed into a combination of Paul Bunyan, Mike Fink, and Jesus,

A homely hero born of star and sod,
A peasant prince, a masterpiece of God.

This towering yet intensely American character quickly became, and was fashioned into, hot political property for the Republican Party, which (during his lifetime) had by no means been composed entirely of Lincoln fans. Now dead and safely out of the way, the martyr was a tremendous asset at election time. For many years he was a Republican monopoly. Then the Democrats tried to muscle in. It was one of the "mysteries of Providence," said Woodrow Wilson, that the Republican Party he knew should have sprung from Lincoln. And in the election of 1928 the Democrats touched the outer limits of incongruity when they bracketed Abraham Lincoln with Al Smith. The tussle for possession of the Great Emancipator continued until Franklin D. Roosevelt finally broke the corner on Lincoln stock amidst outraged protests from Republicans.

Before Lincoln's dramatic death there had, in fact, been many Americans who had a low opinion of the man from Illinois. He received a shade under 40 percent of the popular vote in 1860, and in 1864, when the South was out of the Union and not voting, 45 percent of the electorate picked McClellan over Lincoln. He was attacked viciously by members of his own party. "The original gorilla," Edwin Stanton called him before he accepted Lincoln's offer of the War Department. "A first-rate second-rate man," sneered abolitionist Wendell Phillips, and there were many more.

Although the tide turned after the assassination, even then not everyone saw him as a demigod from the prairies. One might, of course, expect something less than wholehearted praise from the devastated South. When news of the assassination reached occupied Richmond, the Union general in command ordered all city churches to hold services of prayer and lamentation. One Methodist minister arrived at his church on the appointed day, found a handful of people there, ascended the pulpit and said: "My friends, we have been ordered to meet here, by those in authority, for humilation and prayer on account of the death of Lincoln. Having met, we will now be dismissed with the doxology, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' "

Even in the North there was by no means unanimous acceptance of the nascent legend. People who had known and loved him could not swallow the unfamiliar Lincoln they saw springing up before their eyes. Chief among these was a man who would have a lasting influence on Lincoln scholarship, William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner for sixteen years before the war. He believed that his friend's true stature was best measured in the light of the whole truth, and he abominated what he saw as the sickly sentimental prettification of the man he had known so intimately. Herndon's own recollections plus those of others he assiduously collected were the beginning of the search for the real Lincoln. His efforts were attacked ferociously by the guardians of the legend. The battle was on, and it has continued to this day.

The points of controversy include Lincoln's personality and character as well as his actions. His religious beliefs have always attracted interest. Was he a believer or a scoffer? If the former, did he accept Christ or was he a deist? How did the spiritualist seances held in the White House fit in with his religion? Men of the cloth agonized over such questions. They also engaged in an unseemly struggle to claim the president for their respective denominations.

Was Ann Rutledge the love of Lincoln's life? And did her death plunge him into one of history's most renowned cases of melancholy? Or was Lincoln depressed because he suffered from chronic constipation, as one of his law partners believed? Was his home life with Mary Todd at least reasonably satisfactory, or was it a living hell? Did he tell off-color jokes because he was at heart a frontier vulgarian, or did he use laughter to soothe a sensitive and suffering soul?

Was he really a humble man even in the White House, he of the shawl and carpet slippers, or was he a cold and calculating manipulator of men, moving them about as remotely as he would pieces on a chessboard, driven by a quenchless ambition, a "little engine that never stopped"? Did he knowingly provoke hostilities at Fort Sumter, bringing down upon

the country a dreadful war that left 650,000 dead and half the country in ruins? Or was war thrust upon him by Southern hotheads at Charleston? Was he a principled statesman, or was he a politician who operated according to the rule that what was good for his party was good for the country? Was he a strong president who steadfastly guided the nation through its darkest night, or was he content merely to float with the political tide? Was he a commander-in-chief who demonstrated his military genius by leading the North to victory, or was he a politically motivated meddler who spoiled the plans of professional soldiers and so prolonged a bloody war? The list of controversies could be extended indefinitely.

All of these questions are difficult, and the scholars seem little closer to definitive answers than were those who knew Lincoln personally. In recent years, however, a new tool has been employed, one that some believed would at last solve the enigma of Abraham Lincoln. This new technique is called psychohistory; its practitioners apply psychoanalytic methods to those who have crossed the Great Divide, confident that their true motive may at last be discovered. Not everyone, it must be said, has unlimited confidence in the results. Having seen batteries of skilled psychiatrists disagree in open court as to whether the accused is sane or looney, skeptics wonder about the reliability of such methods when directed at someone who has been dead for a considerable number of years. However, it is perhaps only fair to give a couple of examples of what psychohistorians have revealed about Lincoln.

One presents the following thesis: The America of Lincoln's youth was like a big family that venerated the memory of the Founding Fathers, who had established and bequeathed to Lincoln's generation a great nation. How did Lincoln regard these giants? In a speech given in 1838, Lincoln revealed inner conflicts, Oedipal in nature, consisting of an unconscious jealousy of the Fathers he consciously venerated. This jealousy was unacceptable; to resolve the ensuing conflict, he projected his feelings onto a "bad son" (Senator Stephen A. Douglas) whose policies threatened the Union, that priceless gift of the Fathers. So Lincoln defeated the bad son, but fulfilled the Oedipal dream by achieving an even more illustrious immortality. The war completed Lincoln's dream by destroying the old nation of the Fathers and erecting a modern nation of which he was the Father.

Another psychobiographer's venture makes much of an incident that Lincoln mentioned in a brief autobiography he wrote in 1860. Recalling his childhood, Lincoln said, "A few days before the completion of his eighth year, in the absence of his father, a flock of wild turkeys approached the log-cabin, and A. with a rifle gun standing inside, shot through a crack, and killed one of them. He has never since pulled trigger on larger game." He then goes on to tell of his mother's death, his father's remarriage, and so forth. Believe it or not, this simple incident is fraught with hidden meaning. "Such a juxtaposition of memories suggests an association between the wild turkey and his dead mother. Both are helpless and both die." Lincoln's statement that he never again fired on "larger game" becomes "deep remorse," that is, guilt not because he killed the turkey, but because of his infantile sexual longings for his mother, whom he wished to possess. He killed the turkey (a rather suitable stand-in for Thomas Lincoln), and his mother also died. This was the punishment for young Abe's forbidden love. One can only wonder what Lincoln's reaction would have been to this excursion into his psyche. Probably it would have reminded him of a little story.

The failure of scholars to reach a generally accepted synthesis of the real Lincoln has led to an irreverent suggestion, probably facetious, that it may be well to go back and take the Black Easter sermons as a point of departure, especially the ones that saw so many extraordinary parallels between the lives of Lincoln and Jesus. This is the hypothesis: A few years ago, a medical doctor at a West Coast university concluded that Lincoln had suffered from a genetic disorder called Marfan's syndrome. The characteristics of this condition include a long, lanky, spiderlike frame and other physical traits associated with the president. Other effects are cardiac and circulatory failure, a feeling of coldness, a heavy pulse in the legs, and so forth, all of which are said to have afflicted Lincoln during the last months of his life. Melancholia is also typical of the syndrome.

The diagnosis is in itself intriguing, but (so this theory runs) it takes on a much greater, even a cosmic significance when juxtaposed with two other discoveries. First, a medical expert who has examined the famous shroud of Turin concluded the bodily type imprinted thereon, plus evidence related to the crucifixion, showed that Jesus also suffered from Marfan's syndrome. Second, in their book *Holy Blood, Holy Grail,* Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh, and Henry Lincoln(!) claim that the bloodline of Jesus, through the children he is said to have had by Mary Magdalene, has been preserved into modern times. If one assumes that Lincoln was a lineal descendant of Jesus, says the originator of this theory, no wonder it has been so hard to understand him. Perhaps he can be known only by faith, not research. Should scholars, even psychohistorians, rush in where angels fear to tread?

Needless to say, the legendary Lincoln has been as impervious to such lampooning as Mount Rushmore to a peashooter. Yet there has been one question about Lincoln that has in recent years come closer to tarnishing his fame than anything else. This is his posi-

tion on the race question. The reason is obvious. Lincoln had promised a new birth of freedom, but as the civil rights movement gained momentum after the Second World War, it was obvious that the descendants of the slaves freed so long ago were still at the bottom of the heap. Inevitably there was renewed scrutiny of the words and deeds of the Great Emancipator in hope of finding guidance and inspiration.

What then was found, or rather rediscovered? Although Lincoln was opposed to slavery, he was also opposed, as he told the voters in the 1850's to social and political equality for blacks, whom he wished to colonize somewhere outside the country. There was no room for interpretation; his language was explicit. "There is a natural disgust in the minds of nearly all white people, to the idea of an indiscriminate amalgamation of the white and black races." "Make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this." "I will say then that I am not, nor ever have been in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races — that I am not nor ever have been in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will for ever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race." And as for colonization: "Let us be brought to believe it is morally right, and, at the same time, favorable to, or, at least, not against, our interest, to transfer the African to his native clime, and we shall find a way to do it, however great the task may be." In the very midst of the war, he told a delegation of blacks who came to see him in the White House that "we have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss, but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think your race suffer very greatly, many of them by living among us, while ours suffer from your presence." He urged them to lead their people out of the country. There would have been no war, he said, had you not been among us.

None of this was new, of course, but the context was new. Attitudes that were commonplace in the 1850s were taboo in the 1950s, and there ensued much discussion of Lincoln and the race question. At one extreme, some blacks accused Lincoln of being just another "honkie." At the other, his defenders hastened to explain away his apparently racist sentiments and policies. It must be said that Lincoln's admirers have not handled this delicate subject with nearly as much adroitness as the man himself. The explanation most of them rely upon is that he did not really believe all those unfortunate things he said; he was merely bowing to political necessities, all the while keeping his eyes fixed on a future when there would be true equality between blacks and whites. To pursue this ultimate goal he had to get elected; to get elected he had to come out forthrightly for white supremacy. Others believe that even if Lincoln was less than enlightened at one time, nevertheless he "grew" during the war, moving ever closer to the equalitarian ideals of today. For evidence they point to his last public address, in which he regretted that the new Unionist constitution of occupied Louisiana had not given the vote to those blacks who were "very intelligent" or who had served in the Union army, although he was pleased by Louisiana's establishment of public schools for blacks as well as for whites.

To many people this did not seem like much "growth." Unfortunately there is no evidence that he went any further. His desire to do so has to be taken on faith based on the conviction that whatever Lincoln did, his motives simply must have been impeccable. Lack of new evidence inevitably makes the arguments quite repetitious. Despite great ingenuity and, it must be said, occasional tampering with the facts, we are not any further along in reading Lincoln's mind about race or anything else than we were thirty years ago.

To the writer, the most interesting aspect of the Lincoln puzzle is not what his real motives were, since we can never know that, but why they matter so much to so many people. Is it that the purity of Lincoln's motives is indispensable to a belief in the righteousness of the Union cause? And if so, why then is it so important to believe that the cause of the Union was righteous? Is it that Americans wish their country, which many think was wrong in its last military crusade, to have been right in this one, which marked the beginning of modern America—their America? If Lincoln was not an equalitarian and the cause of the Union not particularly righteous, if the mystic chords of memory to which Lincoln appealed in his first inaugural resound to nothing more than politics as usual, do we lose our sense of identity as a nation? Do we lose our sense of mission, the belief — Lincoln's belief — that the American way is the last best hope of mankind? And if we do, what then? Perhaps that is the real puzzle. ☆

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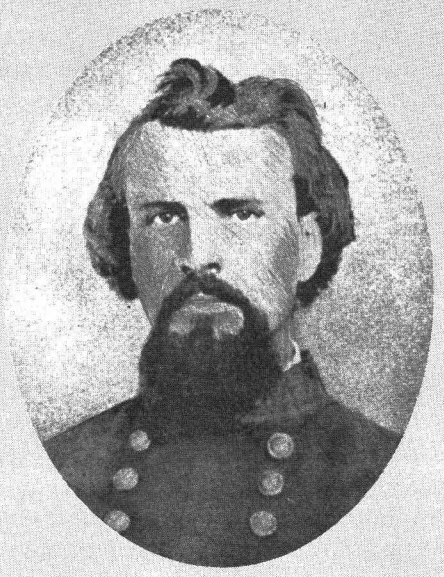
NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST



and Southern Folkways

by Benjamin B. Alexander

There are many examples of heroism that illustrate spiritedness in America's history. Indeed, the American Revolution was won because of the indomitable spirit of the Patriots and a growing unwillingness of the British to put down the campaign for independence. The same spirit was present a century later during the War between the States. It is routinely acknowledged that Confederate commanders such as Robert E. Lee and Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson have achieved a significant place in American history for their military elan.

While Lee and Jackson immediately come to mind as exemplary leaders, perhaps the ultimate Southern military genius was an unschooled man of the Tennessee frontier. General Lee was to remark after the War that his greatest soldier was a man he had never met whose name was Forrest. And it was to this Achilles of the Confederacy that Andrew Lytle turned to begin his career as a writer. Certainly *Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company* appeals to the military historian, but additionally Lytle adds an important mythical dimension to Forrest's career. Lytle sees in Forrest the heroic summation of nationalism and leadership; he shows both to be patriarchal and familial and, thus, reflective of the fundamental character of the Southern nation and the now obscure form of Confederate nationalism it represented.

By contemporary standards, the attributes of a "clan" nation, or as Lytle has recently remarked "a republic of families," may be obscure or virtually inaccessible. The roots, however, of such a political hegemony are as old as Homer and Virgil and as relevant as the underground nationalism of contemporary Poland. Lytle reveals in his Forrest biography how a familial nation functions when faced with a formidable military adversary.

What separates Lytle's narrative from the sometimes dry reporting of military historians is the image of a Southern "republic of families" that runs throughout and, indeed, that unites all of Lytle's work. In the Forrest biography the family is concrete. "Blood brotherhood" in the connections of kin becomes a "national" brotherhood of Southern families in Forrest's commands during the war. Lytle writes that Forrest's rule "maintained the feeling that the South was a big clan, fighting that the small man as well as the powerful might live as he pleased."

What provides the narrative momentum in Lytle's *Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company* are the conflicts that arise when the normal course of this "big clan" is disrupted. Four principles govern the functioning of the Southern family: (1) A hierarchical structure as the basic government; (2) self-sacrifice of the individual members in fulfilling the demands of love; (3) identity of the clan that separates it from the

otherwise faceless masses; and (4) the memory of past deeds, practices, and rituals that set standards for coming generations of the blood.

In order to understand the Confederate clan led by Forrest and thereby the essential character of the Southern folk nation, we must grasp what Forrest ultimately represented. In looking at Southern history today, distortions generated by the media and inaccurate portrayals of ante-bellum society make the task formidable. Modern perceptions of the pre-war South for the most part are silly cartoons of that society. Of course, the familiar image of the Southern "red-neck" as a violent, illiterate bigot has become a powerful symbol that is often invoked in talking about the South and appears regularly in car commercials on television. Along with this, the dominant image of the exploited slave is likewise prevalent--angelic and long-suffering. The stereotypical feminine slave is usually the object of a lascivious owner while the male is often portrayed as a brooding, black Adonis who inspires the prurient imagination of the "Southern belle." Finally, the picture of the selfish, superficial, shrewd, yet elegant plantation owner rounds out these common myths. While such perceptions are current in viewing the South, the facts present quite a different picture, one that is not nearly as sensational, violent, or decadent.

It is difficult to imagine a successful box office draw that would rival *Gone With The Wind* or *Roots* based, for instance, on the "Plain Man" Southerner. Lytle's Agrarian colleague, Frank Owsley, remarks in his splendid study of the Southern yeoman, *Plain Folk of The Old South* (University of Chicago 1965), "The great mass of several millions were not part of the plantation economy. The group included the small slaveholding farmers; the slaveholders who owned land which they cultivated; the numerous herdsmen on the frontier, pine barrens and mountains; and those tenant farmers whose agricultural production, as recorded in the census, indicated thrift, energy and self-respect." From this group a large number of Southern leaders came, including John C. Calhoun and Alexander Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy.

As Lytle shows in his book on Forrest, the plain man's place and role in Southern society has never been understood adequately.

Writing in the Forrest biography, Lytle tells us:

> *There were some four million of them living in the hill country, on the borders of the plantations, in the newly settled states like Arkansas and Missouri. The only difference between them and the cotton snobs was that of a generation or two, and the difference that the rich snobs were ashamed of their pioneer ancestry and they were not. Davis (Jefferson Davis) and his advisors made one great mistake that overshadowed all of the other errors of policy: they chose to rest the foundations of the Confederacy on cotton and not on the plain people.*

Consistently in his political essays, Lytle emphasizes this fundamental understanding of the loose association of folk. He writes in "The Hind Tit" (his contribution to the Agrarian manifesto *I'll Take My Stand)* that "the South, and particularly the plain people, has never recovered from the embarrassment it suffered when this class was destroyed before the cultural lines became hard and fast." In the published discussion of Southern Agrarians entitled *Fugitives' Reunion: Conversations at Vanderbilt, 1956* (Vanderbilt Press, 1959) Lytle states that the yeoman farmer was "The basis--finally and ultimately--of what any American society was; that any aristocracy we (the South) had was certainly a homespun aristocracy." Frank Owsley echoes this same understanding in *Plain Folk of the Old South:*

> *The term "folk" has for its primary meaning a group of kindred people, forming a tribe, a nation; a people bound together by ties of race, language, religion, custom, tradition, and history. Such a common tie we call folkways. A folk, thus, possesses a sense of solidarity and is quite different from a conglomerate mass of people.*

Owsley's and Lytle's views of the Southern nation are prophetic, given the contemporary international realities. Owsley's use of the word "solidarity" to describe Southern nationalism is haunting, given the valiant example of the Polish people to assert their national identity in opposition to abstract control by the Soviet State. Similar conditions were present in the drive for Southern autonomy.

Lytle examines, in Forrest's military career, an increasing tension between Forrest's achievements and how they were perceived by his superiors. The fundamental tension is between the nationalism that Forrest time and again inspired on the battlefield and the isolated, abstract, and often prejudicial views of his superiors, General Braxton Bragg and Jefferson Davis, who unfortunately listened to Bragg's counsel.

The geographic area of Forrest's many victories formed an emergent nation composed of Middle Tennessee, Southern Kentucky, and Northern Mississippi. This area comprised the heartland of what was a folk nation. Significantly, Forrest won battle after battle in this area even though much of it was Federally occupied or (as with Kentucky) was part of Union territory. Lytle concluded that "History would ignore the importance of western battles. But it was there that the war must be won and lost, for the heart of the Confederacy lay in the lower South between the mountains and the Mississippi River. To lose Tennessee permanently was to lose the cause, since Tennessee was the strategic center of the whole defense." Implicitly

in all of his writings on the subject (including some pointed remonstrances of Lee), Lytle insists that so total a focus on Virginia was the major strategic flaw of the Confederate high command.

According to Lytle, the failure of the Confederate administration to understand Forrest's patriarchal rule of the Confederate West occurred in at least three major military situations. First was the needless surrender of Fort Donelson early in the war; second, the unbelievable maladministration of the Battle of Chickamauga; and third, the failure to coordinate Forrest properly against Sherman, who as a result late in the War, waged a notorious military campaign against the Southern population because there was no other policy that could neutralize Forrest except one of demoralization and fear waged on noncombatants by a predatory army.

First, the surrender of Fort Donelson in the winter of 1862 presents a pattern that was to be tragically amplified in later events of the War in the West. Giving up the stronghold would, in effect, open the whole of Tennessee to the Yankees. Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston wrote, "All the resources of the Confederacy are now needed for the defense of Tennessee." Soon a series of Union placements and movements convinced the commanding Confederate officers--Floyd, Buckner, and Pillow--who had all been trained at West Point, that they must surrender or sacrifice their army in trying to defend the Fort. Forrest was not so deluded because of his own scouting of the enemy. Yet Floyd planned to sacrifice his army to an enemy bluff. At this, Forrest protested by telling his superiors that "he had not come out to surrender. That he had promised the parents of his boys to look after them. That he did not intend to see them die that winter in prison camps in the North. That he would not surrender if they would follow him out. That, in fact, he was going out if only one man followed." Forrest informed his men of his plans and, despite freezing cold and exhaustion, led them out himself. His determination and willingness to take the risk of his own judgments instilled in his troops a confidence (Lytle tells us) "which neither time nor event could shake. A soldier is eager and willing to follow a leader in the tightest places only so long as he believes that the leader can get him out again."

What Forrest showed was the leader's solicitude for his men manifest in paternal rule. On the other hand, the surrender of Floyd, Buckner, and Pillow evinces what was to become a mark of certain Confederate commanders: an increasing tendency to neglect the clannish nature of the Confederate armies in deference to a more abstract approach to strategy that, by its nature, neglected this most fundamental property of the butternut forces.

But the failure to recognize this unusual property becomes even more pointed in the extraordinary sequence of events at the bloody battle of Chickamauga in September, 1863, the outcome of which virtually doomed the Confederate West. The situation at Chickamauga can perhaps be parralleled with President Truman's disastrous removal of General MacArthur from command in Korea, as he remonstrated that there was no substitute for victory; or the grossly distorted reporting of the American media of the Vietnam Tet offensive that had American forces suffering great losses when actually they had successfully resisted the enemy attacks and had seized the momentum of battle. Lytle suggests that the Chickamauga scenario presented a situation that up until that point in military history was unparalleled: a commanding general whose forces were victorious suffering from the delusion of defeat.

General Braxton Bragg, commander of the Confederate armies in the West, repeated on much larger scale the errors of Fort Donelson. General Pete Longstreet (who would later be criticized for his delay at Gettysburg) had thought the loud rebel yells sufficient to convince Bragg of the Southern victory. After the success of the first day, of what was to be a two-day fight, Longstreet never sent word of Confederate supremacy to his superior. The Federals led by Rosecrans had retreated in disorder to Chattanooga. Forrest, whose men had been heavily engaged, viewed the enemy disorder from a Union observation post on the morning of the second day. He immediately wired Bragg of the Union chaos. It was imperative that the Confederates rout the Federals and capture their supplies. No word came from Bragg.

Forrest, watching the fruits of victory slip away, wired again later in the day to his superior: "Every moment lost is worth the life of a thousand men." Still no reply came from Bragg. Finally beside himself, Forrest that night rode to see the General. The commander did not respond to Forrest's impassioned pleas. Angry and frustrated, Forrest stormed from his superior's tent. He later remarked to his orderly, " I have written to him. I have sent to him. I have given him information on the condition of the Federal Army...What does he fight battles for?"

Bragg's lack of forcefulness at Chickamauga had disastrous repercussions for the Confederacy. Lytle shows why in illuminating what amounted to the betrayal of Forrest's clan rule by the Confederate officialdom in the aftermath of the battle. "Not until Bragg cast his shadow across the stage did the drama about to be played assume definitely its tragic forms. He was the shadow, the element that complicated the plot." Aware of the dimension of his failure, Bragg blamed his shortcomings at Chickamauga on Forrest. The commander removed him from his command and appointed Major General Wheeler, whom Forrest

disliked, to replace him. This so incensed and humiliated Forrest that he stormed to Bragg's headquarters to tell him that if he dared cross his path again, he jeopardized his life.

Lytle shows this unfortunate standoff between the two leaders to be a drama revealing two different views of nationalism. Forrest represented the highly unorthodox ways of clan brotherhood, with military methods derived from a keen instinct for victory that could not be taught or learned in what might be considered orthodox military training. For instance, once as Forrest violated military precedent by sharpening both edges of a captured sword, he tersely remarked, "War means fighting and fighting means killing." Still later in 1864, Forrest lost 500 men at the Battle of Harrisburg because of the foolish strategy of his superior, General Stephen D. Lee. Often profane, yet a master of the trenchant phrase, Forrest told Lee, "If I knew as much about West Point tactics as you, the Yankees would whip the hell out of me every day."

Forrest came to loathe the professional soldiers who often envied his military feats and were threatened by his unpredictable tactics. Bragg, however, represented something worse than the blundering of Stephen Lee. There was more than poor strategy involved. In the case of the Bragg-Forrest antagonism, the frontiersman compromised his better judgment in gaining satisfaction by finally threatening Bragg.

Clan rule, as Lytle described it "Has its feuds and other sins of pride." And Lytle tells us that Forrest "would pay a great price for settling his bile--he would make the South pay a great price--for he had done the Southern cause such an injury that all his genius would be powerless to repair it." In the quarrel with Bragg, Forrest assumed that his superior shared in the unwritten frontier code of honor that would make him accept his subordinate's rebuke in a manly fashion. Instead, Forrest's pointed criticism provoked a sullen resentment that led to a determination to remove Forrest from any position of influence.

The personal animosity between the two gradually isolated Forrest even more from his superiors. This could not have come at a more inopportune time because, if Southern independence were to succeed, it was crucial that Confederate leaders finally see who was the most effective commander and what kind of virtues he inspired in his men. Lytle summarizes these traits in evaluating Forrest:

> *An officer usually controls his men in four ways: Through fear, through respect, through love, or by his position. The last named is adequate for the garrison, but unreliable on the field. Fear alone is negative control and treacherous. Love and leniency too often go hand-in-hand producing sporadic results, while a soldier will, out of respect for the officer as a man, fight well so long as there is no unusual emergency. But to fear and respect the commander's military capacity at the same time brings the happiest results. An officer who possesses the hearts of his men by these two qualities holds his ranks in the palm of his hand. Bedford Forrest was such an officer.*

But once Bragg removed Forrest from his command after the Battle of Chickamauga, the Confederacy lost this unique quality of leadership. Coupled with this disastrous decision was the Union policy after Chickamauga to wage a campaign against General Joseph E. Johnston, the object of which was to capture the city of Atlanta and to open the rest of Georgia to Sherman's army. Had Forrest been utilized fully, particularly in cutting Sherman off from his base (Sherman even acknowledged that such a strategy would have troubled his campaign), his efforts might have been seriously impeded. After the Battle of Chickamauga, however, Forrest found himself relegated to insignificant roles in resisting both the "total war" policy of Sherman and the internal disintegration within Southern society itself.

In the dynamics of Sherman's policy, it is evident that he understood the components of Confederate society: a military campaign waged against the population and Negro rebellion from within would combine to destroy the fabric of the state. Ironically, the Federal commander understood better than either General Bragg or President Davis what kind of policy he had to undertake to defeat Southern Nationalism. The Yankee leader was fully aware of what Forrest could do and what he represented. This is evident in Sherman's reaction to the defeat of Union forces at the Battle of Brice's Crossroads in North Mississippi where, according to Lytle, Forrest (in June, 1864) fought the finest small battle ever waged on the North American continent by using what Forrest called in his dialect, "the skeer." General Sherman, in what must be one of the understatements of the conflict, wired the Secretary of War: "Forrest is the devil, and I think he has got some of our troops under cover." Sherman went on to close his telegram with an ominous threat: "I will order them (A.J. Smith and Mower) to make up a force and go out to follow Forrest to the death, if it costs ten thousand lives and breaks the Treasury. *There will never be peace in Tennessee until Forrest is dead.*"

Remarks such as these make the Confederate high command's failure to utilize Forrest even more stark. And the isolation of Forrest's talents damaged far more than the hopes of the Confederate soldiers on the battlefield. Forrest, as the clan leader, was also an extremely important symbol to the Southern women at home. To Forrest, the women in the folk nation of the South occupied a place or an office that demanded unequivocal defense. In fact, Forrest's protection

of the women's position may be the single most important factor in understanding the essence of his commands.

The first chapter of the Lytle book, entitled "A Basket of Chickens", illustrates that the women's place was inviolable and any threat had to be severely punished. Undoubtedly, this is the reason that the young Bedford Forrest relentlessly tracked to the death a panther that attacked his mother. Such an attitude never changed in the transition from young frontiersman to military leader. This is evident in the recognition Forrest received early in the War from the ladies of Middle Tennessee. In July, 1862, Forrest in a daring maneuver, recaptured Murfreesboro, Tennessee, that had been held by the Federals. One lady, as Forrest's victorious troops marched into the town, scooped the dirt from under the hoofs into her silk handkerchief as a keepsake. Later in the war the women of Middle Tennessee melted their thimbles and made the General a pair of silver spurs.

These are acts of thankfulness that emphasize yet again the power of clan nationalism. The dynamics of Southern society were more complex than the much publicized tradition of the planter-gentleman. Forrest superseded this; his exploits made him into the mythic hero of a national family. The ascendency of this kind of nationalism could preserve the tradition of the gentleman, but without it the genteel society would become only a hollow social convention.

The difference between these two understandings is evident in the differing views of Forrest and Lee after the Southern surrender at Appomattox. Forrest, when told of the news as he and an aide approached a crossroads, remarked: "If one of them led to hell and the other to Mexico, I wouldn't care which one I took." Forrest's uncompromising resignation shows he differed from Lee. A chivalric man, Lee participated in what he thought to be a conditional defeat present in the terms of surrender; on the other hand, Forrest believed there were no acceptable "terms", other than victory. In this case, he had an instinctive grasp of the grim phase the War was to enter, a grasp that General Lee did not see because of his own personal nobility. Lee misunderstood the form that Reconstruction was to take, whereas Forrest's war experiences made him see the Appomattox surrender as simply a formality leading to a more subtle and brutal aspect of the War. Lytle writes:

> *...The old wounds were kept open by the Reconstruction policy and the worst form of guerrilla warfare. The avowed purpose of this policy, which broke the terms at Appomattox and Goldsboro, was the destruction of Southern civilization. Did Lee not see that the training of a few thousand students at Washington College was a futile thing if their civilization was to be wrecked?*

This question illuminates once again Forrest's devotion to the clan he led. And in its cohesive strength he saw the only way that the indignities and violence of the day-to-day working out of the Reconstruction policy could be resisted. But by this late date, Southern military nationalism was virtually finished, but Forrest remained the patriarch of the clan nation. Only upon reflection was the vital nature of this rule recognized. At Forrest's funeral, Jefferson Davis remarked to Governor Porter of Tennessee about his misunderstanding of the great cavalryman: "The generals in the Southwest never appreciated Forrest until it was too late... I was misled by them..." The men who followed Forrest, however, and the women who joined them to form the Southern folk nation always understood and appreciated their hero. In fact, Lytle dedicates the story to his grandmother, who was a part of the Middle Tennessee matriarchy. Obviously, Lytle heard the tales of Forrest from his grandmother, "who heard on the hard turnpike the sudden beat of his horses' hoofs and the wild yell of his riders."

This kind of memory and excitement is also present in the final scene of Lytle's book, some fifty years after Forrest's death in the 1930's. Georgiana, an old Negro nurse of a Memphis family, is looking at the bronze statue of Forrest erected to his memory in Memphis, Tennessee. She remarks of the great cavalryman that, "De Gin'ral's hoss show is gittin' poe." The lady for whom she works takes the remark literally and replies that a statue "can't lose weight." Despite this, the old Negro woman still insists that Bedford's mount is "poe." When asked why, the nurse replies, "I don't know'm. I regon de Gin'ral must ride him of a night."

It is most significant that the old Negro nurse, at the conclusion, reflects on the statue. The irony is clear: the nurse is the interpreter of the mythic Forrest who is the icon of a nation. This recognition shows that Forrest has achieved a high place that cannot be understood altogether through mere intellectual inquiry.

This last scene of the Forrest biography, then, must take its place as one of the more important ones in all of the Vanderbilt Agrarian writings, for it suggests a subtlety not present at least in the title of the famous Southern manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand.* The impact of the title has worked to blunt the soundness of the individual essays. The title encourages the notion that the South was a nation of hothead slaveowners determined to fight pitched battles in defense of the indefensible. Lytle recognized this weakness from the beginning in the choice of titles for the Southern manifesto. In a letter (on file in the Fugitive/Agrarian Archives at Vanderbilt University) written to Donald Davidson before the publication of *I'll Take My Stand,* he writes,

"My dislike, my chief dislike, is that it takes the same attitude that Jefferson Davis took. Since that was our first undoing, I feel we should escape from it in our second defense."

In understanding what Lytle means by this, we must turn to the Forrest biography. What, for instance, the Negro nurse at the conclusion sees in Forrest, the Confederate President (as we have seen) never saw until it was too late. Lytle painstakingly renders the characteristics of a patriarchal nation that only in hindsight was understood by its leaders and important military men.

Lytle presents Forrest leading what Stanley Horn calls the "invisible empire." The career of the roughhewn cavalryman of frontier Tennessee suggests the unorthodox ways of folk wisdom and the essential character of an authentic nationalism. So it is that *Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company* has relevance today in understanding the nature of American military and political power. The Confederate high command had to learn the hard way that the fortunes of a nation could not rest alone on the trained intellect and the implementation of abstract concepts. Southern military history, particularly the heroic leadership of Bedford Forrest, illustrates that nationalism must ultimately reside in the exercise of patriarchal rule of a people. Of late, America has progressively lost this sense while grim variations of the pattern occur, for instance, in the fanatical religious revolutions in Islamic countries. The conquest of the American embassy in Iran and the hostage seizure presents a stark incidence of American nationalism reaching such a low ebb that another form usurped it, in this case a dangerous mixture of Islamic political and religious fundamentalism orchestrated by a primitive "patriarch--Ayatollah." The irony is all the more pointed because the hostage seizure occurred during the presidency of a Georgian, an obvious heir to the tradition of Southern paternal command. But President Carter's inability to fulfill such a heritage pales in comparison to what in tragic hindsight is the notorious mimicking of paternalistic rule by Lyndon Johnson, the Texan. In the early years of the Vietnam War, he stated that he was "not ready for American boys to do the fighting for Asian boys." While the rhetorical flair of clan rule is present, the Vietnam War presents a wretched account of the waste of lives and treasure because of the very absence of patriarchal command in high offices, both military and political.

This condition, for instance, animates the epic novel James Webb wrote before his appointment by President Reagan as Secretary of the Navy. Webb's novel, *Fields of Fire* (Bantam Books, 1979), frames the action in such a way as to emphasize the pluralism of American society in the individualistic backgrounds of the Marine characters. Webb draws portraits of the various kinds of men who found themselves at "the end of the Pipeline" in Southeast Asia--Snake, the inner city tough; Goodrich, the Harvard dropout; Catman, the Mexican-American, the eyes and ears of the squad; Cannonball, the "brother" who confronted the surrealistic violence of the bush and the racial tensions away from the front; Bagger, the incarnation of the unreflective team spirit spawned in high school athletics; and Robert E. Lee Hodges Jr.. the Southern samurai ("But there was Vietnam, and so there would be honor. It was the fight, not the cause that mattered").

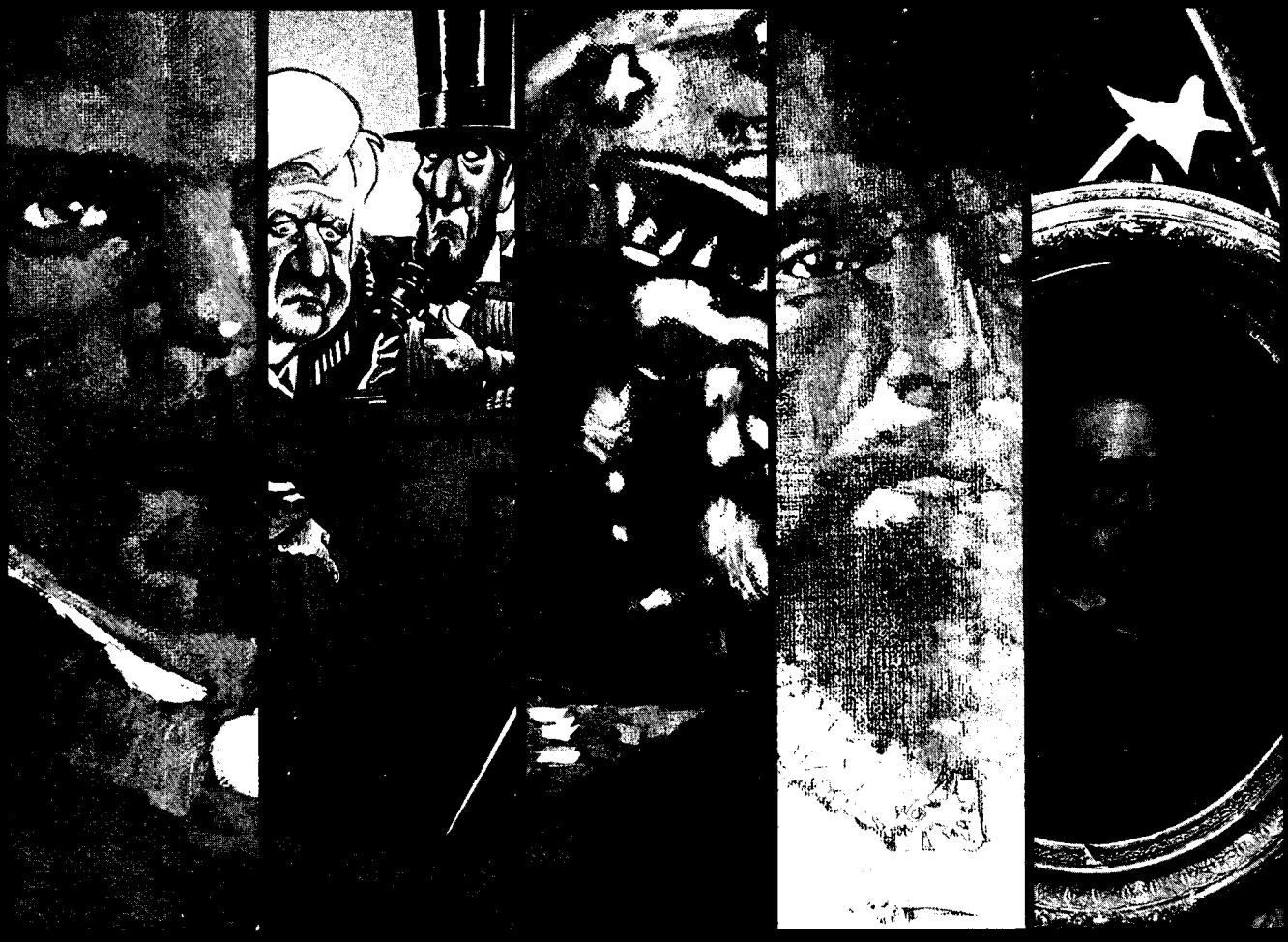
Lieutenant Hodges' background, the pure Southern strain, is only one of many in the diverse tapestry of the Marine Corps. Lieutenant Robert E. Lee Hodges is the legitimate heir to the tradition of patriarchal command and tries to dismiss his misgivings about Vietnam fatalism with his own personal history; "I flinch when bullets tear the air in angry rents and yet I know that Father, and three farmer boys at Pickett's Charge, felt a cutting edge that dropped them dead. How can I be bitter? You are my strength, you ghosts." Hodges' grimly frustrating search for heroic meaning in the presence of such overwhelming loss is a protest against anonymity. His groping for meaning suggests that the heritage of patriarchal command must be recovered.

Today, the trauma of Vietnam and the sensational fatalism of the media have encouraged cultural passivity, a "what's the use" *ennui* that nothing can be done. Yet in the nuclear age, such attitudes must be mightily resisted because the stakes are much higher and ultimately concern the survival of the free world. Leaders like Forrest provide the models for the cultivation of a determined will and heroism by instinct.

James Webb, in a recent speech as Secretary of the Navy, touched on this heritage that earlier his fictional character, Lieutenant Robert E. Lee Hodges, had tried to confirm. In memorializing the heroic loss of thirty-seven sailors killed aboard the *USS Stark*, the Secretary proclaimed, "I was reminded of a frequent epitaph on the tombstones of Confederate soldiers: "How many dreams died here?" (Memorial Day Speech, Arlington National Cemetery, May 25, 1987). Secretary Webb provides a moving reminder of the nation's patriarchal heritage. It is one that we dismiss or forget at our peril. ☆

Ben Alexander is professor of English and Christian Studies at Hillsdale College.

Southern PARTISAN



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PARTISAN CONVERSATION

Judge W. Brevard Hand

When Judge W. Brevard Hand ruled in March that, for First Amendment purposes, secular humanism is a religion and therefore must not be advanced in the public schools of Alabama, the national media hooped and hollered as though a fanatical religionist had declared the world were flat. Unsophisticated press reports hinted darkly that John Scopes was again on trial in Dixie, and that "Christians" were trying to ban legitimate science and history texts from their children's classrooms.

The case hinged on two questions: (1) is "secular humanism" a religion under terms of the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution? (2) do the textbooks used in Mobile County Schools promote -- as the 624 plaintiffs (Mobile County parents all) maintained -- a teaching identifiable as secular humanism?

Based on the testimony of widely-recognized authorities such as Russell Kirk, Robert Coles, James Hitchcock, William Coulson, and James Davison Hunter, Judge Hand ruled in the affirmative on both questions. Here, in a Partisan interview given to David A. Bovenizer, Judge Hand, who is chief judge of the Federal district court for southern Alabama, explains the trial and his ruling, remarks on the distinctive qualities of Southern life, and pays tribute to the Southern tradition of constitutional interpretation.

PARTISAN: Judge Hand, you have been involved in two highly publicized rulings concerning the relationship between religion and public life in America. In the first *(Jaffree vs. Board of School Commissioners in Mobile County)* you were asked to hold in federal court that an Alabama statute mandating prayer in school was unconstitutional. Instead, you held that jurisdiction in such matters lies with state government. The U.S. Supreme Court overturned your decision.

More recently, in *Smith vs. Board of School Commissioners,* the issue was reversed. You were asked by a group of 624 parents in Mobile County, Alabama to support their view that the schools were promoting the establishment of religion unconstitutionally by the teaching of the religion of secular humanism. Was that the central issue in the *Smith Case*?

HAND: Yes. The Supreme Court has said that you cannot establish a religion and teach it in the schools. The central issue in the case involved the First Amendment. Was a religion, as advanced by the plaintiffs, being taught in the schools? That was the issue. And I think the evidence demonstrated that a religion was being taught within the parameters of what the Supreme Court says constitutes a religion under the First Amendment.

PARTISAN: What are the facts that led you to reach your conclusion that secular humanism should be regarded as a "religion" under the First Amendment?

HAND: Well, as I understand the law laid down by the Supreme Court, a religion is a faith system that is being advanced by the educational process. The evidence demonstrated that secular humanism, as understood by its proponents, was a faith system being taught in the schools. It was evident in the literature being utilized in the schools.

PARTISAN: What is your understanding of the right

relationship of religion and public life in America since the founding era?

HAND: My understanding is that the federal court ought to stay out of religion. The federal government was enjoined, as the Constitution itself expresses, to make no laws affecting religion. Historically, for at least 150 years from the inception, that was the premise under which most people operated. The faith that existed at the time America was founded had a profound effect upon our form of government. I think religion itself is a great teacher of moral value. Without moral value, no society is going to exist. Certainly, ours was not conceived as a society without religion.

The men who framed the Bill of Rights were very jealous of the individual rights of citizens. I don't believe any of them were ever completely satisfied that those individual rights had been sufficiently protected by the adoption of the Constitution, but they did the best they could. One of the main areas they were concerned about was whether the government should involve itself in establishing a national religion. That is what the Amendment addresses. There were state religions within certain states. That was a separate issue. As I read in history, the founding fathers were specifically concerned about controlling a national government that might later seek to superimpose central thinking on all of the states. So they put in a prohibition against the national government from having any part to play in the establishment of a religion or in affecting anybody's exercise of religious rights.

Today, the Court has done what the Constitution says they ought not do. It has provided the means for the establishment of a religion, or for the denial of the right to profess a religion.

PARTISAN: In the early years of the Republic, some states had established religions. So, if the people of Alabama desired to establish, say, the Methodist Church as a state religion...

HAND: Then I don't think it would have been a function of the national government to make any determination in that respect. It would have been up to the people of Alabama who, I believe, adopted a constitutional amendment that prohibited established religion for that state. But if they had elected, under the First Amendment, to establish a state religion, it was certainly possible under the Constitution as originally conceived.

PARTISAN: Could it be done today in view of the Supreme Court's rulings on the Constitution?

HAND: No, I would think not. Under the interpretations of the First Amendment by the Supreme Court, a state's effort to do that would now be regarded as unconstitutional.

As a matter of fact, the states today still seem to have a feeling of autonomy that no longer exists. The War Between the States was the beginning of a decline in state sovereignty. But I think the real death knell of the view occurred after the incorporation battle in the Supreme Court over whether the First Amendment or the first eight Amendments were properly incorporated against the states as well as the federal government. Some historians say that state sovereignty ended when the people got the right to elect their U.S. Senators by popular vote rather than maintaining it as a state-controlled mechanism.

Today the states are becoming almost unnecessary appendages to our national system of government. Increasingly, all the significant issues are being given to the central government in Washington for determination. A good example of that is consumer legislation and all the federal requirements for seat belts or whatever becomes the new solution every time somebody gets injured. This is to take care of citizens, to protect them from harm or injury, is properly a state function, not a federal function. Of course, the states still address many of these issues, but everybody seems to want to dump responsibility on the federal government instead of developing it as a state proposition. The federal government has assumed control through the incorporation process. The philosophy of "one man, one vote" is now an accepted constitutional proscription that binds the states as well as the central government. Maybe that's right and maybe it's not.

But the decision to strip the states of powers the founders had intended for the states to exercise should have been done through constitutional amendment, the process by which the Constitution can be changed. Instead, we've had a series of Supreme Court decisions that, in effect, amended the Constitution without a vote of the people.

PARTISAN: Do you hold out any prospect for recovering the integrity of the doctrine of the sovereignty of the states?

HAND: I am one who eternally bubbles hope for the future. As a practical proposition, if there is any real movement toward the older concept of States' Rights, it will be a very slow, evolutionary process. It will depend on our understanding of the Constitution, what it was intended to do, the system of government that was anticipated by that document. Reversing the trend toward centralization would require an educational process which is not apparent today. The American electorate will have to develop a stronger desire to regain or even to retain their freedoms and independence, not turn it all over to big brother. I really don't know if there is much hope, but there appears today to be some re-awakening of interest. I am encouraged by the debate that is taking place, initiated by Attorney General Meese and Mr. Justice Brennan and their discussion of the concepts of constitutional government. Maybe the educational process is beginning to swing. I don't know.

PARTISAN: So you believe that the War of 1861-65 or what we prefer calling the War Between the States was the beginning of the end for States' Rights?
HAND: I think that the disturbance in the 1860s resolved the issue of the right of the states to secede and also ended the slavery issue, which should have been put to rest at the time the Constitution was adopted. We would have been better off.
PARTISAN: Would it be fair to characterize your argument in the *Smith Case* as an attempt to disengage the courts from applying the First Amendment to the states?
HAND: The very nature of the litigation involving *Smith* indicates why the federal court should not be engaged in that enterprise. It is a bottomless pit they cannot resolve by judicial fight. There is no way they are going to be able to draw a bright and clear line that is going to allow people to know where they stand on all problems or issues related to religion. The founding fathers were smart enough to see it. The judiciary should stay out of the matter altogether.
PARTISAN: In *Jaffree* you first ruled that you had no jurisdiction and that federal courts ought not to have been involved in the first place. In the second instance, somewhat kicking and screaming, you agreed to rule. Or as somebody said, if you can't lick them, join them. In other words, in *Jaffree I* you argue the concept of original intent. In *Jaffree II* (or the *Smith Case*) you are saying, yes, the states can operate in the realm of religion, but to have the free hand to do so, they have to be liberated from indoctrinating school children exclusively with the philosophy or the religion of secular humanism, which has come to pervade our textbooks. Does that get to the point?
HAND: First off, in *Jaffree,* I had hoped that the Supreme Court would take another look and rethink their position. Well, they did take another look at the matter and their position was the same as it has been over the last several decades.

I do not believe that the government, state or federal, has any authority to establish a religion under our present perception of the law. The *Smith Case* addresses what appears to me to be an effort by the state schools, under mandatory attendance requirements, to establish a state religion, or a faith system based on secular humanism.
PARTISAN: When you speak of a faith system in this context, and argue that the state should not establish a religion, aren't you really challenging the modern view that science is the primary way of gaining knowledge?
HAND: I don't believe that there is any serious conflict between science and religion. If I believe in the existence of God and I have no scientific proof, I am expressing a faith system. But I think the converse is absolutely the same. If I believe that there is no God, and I have no measurable scientific proof that there is no God, I am also expressing a faith system, the belief by faith that there is no God. What is the difference? If the state teaches that there is no God, then they violate the First Amendment just the same as if they teach that God does exist. Science is not incompatible with a religious belief, because the scientific mind would never reject possibility without proof.
PARTISAN: So, if our textbooks teach selected theories and omit all references to religious or theistic views and possibilities, then that omission is tantamount to ideology. Is that a fair simplification of your view?
HAND: I think that was the thrust of the testimony. You can ignore something totally, in this case religion, and by ignoring it you suggest or teach its nonexistence to students. The omitted item, after a while, becomes irrelevant or insignificant. The witnesses in this case pointed out that by ignoring religion or its part in the development of the country, the public schools had relegated religion to a state of nothingness in the minds of those people being taught. Teaching occurs both directly and indirectly.
PARTISAN: The South has a strong tradition of religion and individual liberty. So why don't more parents get upset about the biases and omissions in the school textbooks? Why aren't more of us worried about indoctrination in the schools?
HAND: I'll give you an example. After the *Smith* opinion came out, I remember seeing press people interviewing students. One of the questions was "How has the information being taught in school affected your religious beliefs or your family life?" One little girl said, "I see nothing wrong with going to my peers to help me solve a problem rather than going to my Mama and Daddy." These children are thoroughly indoctrinated and don't even realize it. Many of them aren't talking to their parents. So the parents aren't aware of the problem either. On the other hand, some of the parents who were more concerned about the education of their children began asking questions. And in those conversations, often the children were reduced to tears when they were asked to confront the gap between the values taught at home and those taught at school.
PARTISAN: Isn't that exactly what the First Amendment was designed to prevent? America is a diverse land. If the people of Massachusetts had wanted a totally secular education, they could have it. But if the people of Alabama wanted to teach religion and morality, they would also have that right. Is that a fair representation of what the founders had hoped for when they created a union of separate states?
HAND: I believe the founders thought that would be the natural consequence of the adoption of the Constitution. On the subject of religion, each state could

handle their own affairs in whatever way they deemed appropriate and proper. I don't believe the founders thought a day would come when the national government would seek to establish a national norm for anything.

You know, one of the problems with judicial intervention is that the courts have caused the states to remove all religious references from the textbooks, leaving only secular or atheistic ideas. When a lawsuit is brought against the state to eliminate an idea from the textbooks, this causes a tremendous expense that the states no longer want to incur. So, rather than run the risk of being sued about it, they just take it all out, and that leaves only what is considered to be a secular approach to the educational process. And this purely secular approach denies critical examination of ideas; it denies comparisons of secular ideas with theistic ideas; it denies a broad education in the public schools. Some people seem to be afraid of ideas.

Jaffree made the contention in the early stages of the case that he did not want his children to be exposed to religion. He wanted them to be held in a vacuum until they reached a certain age where they could make that determination on their own. How in the world can you make an intelligent choice if you don't receive ideas on all aspects of it? By cutting out all religious references, ideas, or possibilities, we are censoring ideas that ought to be a part of education.

PARTISAN: The omissions in our textbooks and the general failure to teach traditional ethics throws children into a kind of darkness when it comes to making moral decisions...

HAND: Oh yes, that is a very real concern. I'm not sure that I am smart enough to know how the problem can be resolved in the teaching process. But it is something that the minds of educators ought to be addressing, without fear that one idea will prevail over another. I believe we can teach young people to draw their own conclusions, but give them access to *all* the ideas, including the religious perspective.

PARTISAN: This is where you draw a distinction between the facts of faith and the tenets of faith. In other words, the schools should be able to teach that certain people believe certain things about the origin of man, the nature of man, and the destiny of man. These can be taught without any implication that the child has to accept the view as a doctrine, as a tenet of faith. It's simply a fact of faith.

HAND: That is correct. It is not education if you don't teach them, and you don't teach them if you don't give them the ideas, the basis from which to make moral judgments.

PARTISAN: Judge, I'm sure you have seen much of the media coverage of your ruling. If you have, have the media essentially understood the central issues?

HAND: No, for the most part, they have not understood. James J. Kilpatrick obviously read the opinion and reported at some length on it. He was the only one that I can recall who I believe actually read the opinion before he expressed himself in regard to it. Unfortunately, most of the reporters have preferred sensationalism. For a time, the local media just took it very superficially. I did read a recent article on the editorial page where one of the writers acknowledged that, regardless of the outcome of this case, it was going to be something that would affect the future of the country for a long time. So that writer had studied the subject to some degree and reflected on it before the story was written. But that was very rare.

PARTISAN: Thinking of young minds being formed in schools, does the secular emphasis appeal to them?

HAND: The evidence that was introduced in regard to what secular humanists believe and why they believe what they believe strikes me as an awfully convenient approach to life. It suggests that people can do anything they want without qualms of conscience. There is no restriction on behavior as to what is right or wrong or what is the accepted norm or what punishment derives from any particular action. I think it's clear to most os us that there must be limits or restrictions on the activity of man if we are to make any progress whatsoever.

PARTISAN: Of course, the nature of law is not vague in this regard. Doesn't American law teach us that there is a definable right and a definable wrong?

HAND: That is the philosophical basis or background on which our law came to us. Our law comes, in part, from English common law, which is a product of the Judeo-Christian ethic. So, yes, the law does have a basis in moral thought.

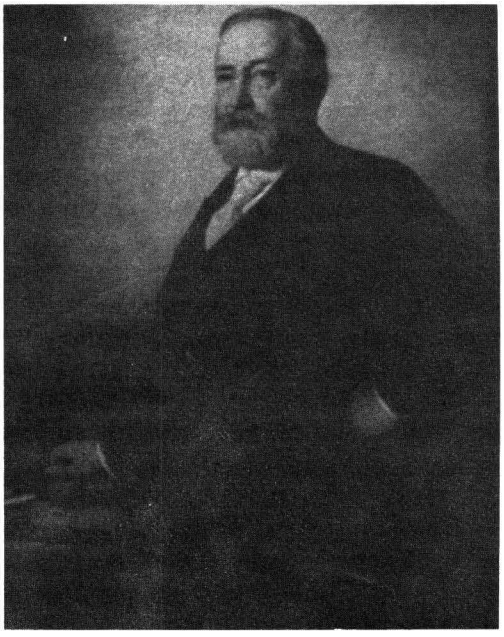
PARTISAN: My last question. Southerners have always lived closer to the land and enjoyed a special sense of community as well as piety. Do you think the *Smith Case* may be simply the latest in a long series of clashes in which Southerners have argued for the distinctiveness of their heritage? Put another way, is the South still fighting for our constitutional right to be different? What are the Southern aspects of these cases?

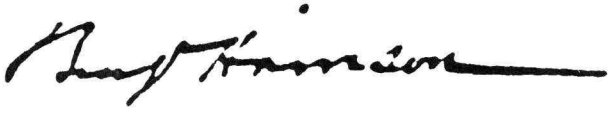
HAND: Well, I would never deny my heritage. Certainly, your heritage affects your thinking on any subject, and I am a product of the South. I think like a Southerner. I was born and raised in this part of the country, and taught by people who were close to the land. I can't deny that. In fact, I'm proud of it. I hope I never violate the teachings of my youth. And I intend to take that heritage with me to the grave. My Mama would be upset if I did otherwise. ☆

RESTORATION SERIES

The Nabob as Antifederalist: Benjamin Harrison of Virginia

by M.E. Bradford





Benjamin Harrison (March, 1726-April 24, 1791), planter, merchant, Signer of the Declaration of Independence and political leader of colonial and Revolutionary Virginia. A mild Antifederalist, by reason of sectional feeling. Persuaded by experience with national government that (as he wrote his old friend, George Washington) "the States south of the Potomac will be little more than appendages to those to the northward of it if the Constitution should be adopted." A "nabob" and wealthy James River valley aristocrat whose disinterested opposition to ratification refutes the theory that Antifederalism was the party of the poor and the radical who had no stake in society as they knew it. An Episcopalian, and a lover of old ways who once blamed the onset of gout upon the replacement of Madeira, a potation tried and true, by the "new fangled" light French wines. A huge, strong and jovial man, and a person of political importance in Virginia for more than forty years. Three times elected governor of his state. Father and great-grandfather of the 9th and 23rd Presidents of the United States, William Henry Harrison and Benjamin Harrison.

Benjamin Harrison the Signer was born at Berkely (later called Harrison's Landing) in Charles City County, Virginia. He was the son of Benjamin Harrison and Anne Carter Harrison, daughter of Robert 'King' Carter of Corotoman. After education at the College of William and Mary this Benjamin in 1749 became the fifth in a line of planter/politicians of the same name to sit in and stolen slaves were returned or replaced. And when an excise was proposed in place of the Impost he fought against it as a Yankee plot, and brought to bear upon the struggle all of his resources.

In 1774 Benjamin Harrison owned (without problems of conscience) eight plantations and hundreds of slaves. His commercial interests involved both importation and shipping, both up and down the coast and across the ocean. All of this plenty he gladly put at risk to preserve in Virginia the regime his family had done so much to create. Indeed he accepted the looting of his great house at Berkeley by British troops as part of the fortunes of war and was generous of his own means in providing supply to Washington's army. But in the fashioning of a larger *patria* to contain and modify his identity with Virginia, Harrison was much less venturesome. With Patrick Henry, he defended the conduct of the Virginia legislature in the attainder of the barbarous outlaw, Josiah Philips, and denied the advantage of a security for individual civil rights under the provisions of Federal law. When a criminal placed himself outside the protection of their laws, Virginians would decide his fate. And it would be Virginians who decided who belonged to their community and what protections went with such membership. Josiah Philips had clearly (in the old phrase) "needed killing." So reasoned Benjamin Harrison. In the ratification convention in Richmond Harrison was astonished that Edmund Randolph would argue for intrusion of the national authorities into such questions of local police and felt that such intrusion could not be restrained--once it had begun.

Benjamin Harrison served in the Virginia ratification convention as chairman of a committee on privileges and elections. His early commitment to the Antifederalist cause surprised few public figures in his state, but it did lend respectability to his side of the debate. Any attempt by the Virginia Federalists to invoke the politics of deference was doomed from the beginning with such men of family as John Tyler, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, Theodorick Bland and former governor Harrison opposed to ratification. Harrison spoke only twice during the Virginia debates: first on the attainder of Philips and then, on June 25th, the last day of the convention, in a general address on his basic objections to the document under consideration. In these summary remarks Harrison rejected the scare tactics of the Federalist orators when they declaimed that the Union itself would be in danger if the Constitution were not approved. "A vast majority, from every calculation, are attached to it." But union was one thing and a powerful central government another. To convert the state into an engine for sectional aggrandizement would be harmful to the national unity fostered among the people of the states by the Revolution. He doubted that there was any protection for the South in a stronger connection with New England. "When we were invaded, did any gentleman from the Northern States come to relieve us? No, sir, we were left to be buffeted. General Washington, in the greatness of his soul, came with the French auxiliaries and relieved us opportunely. Were it not for this, we should have been ruined." Harrison was prepared to accept a revision of the national compact, with previous amendments. Otherwise, "I should resist with the fortitude of a man."

For the master of Berkeley the triumph of the Federalists in the Virginia ratification convention was a disappointment but not a disaster. He was puzzled by their centralizing disposition, but not outraged, having had an earlier nationalists phase himself. Harrison was a member of the committee appointed to "prepare and report" subsequent amendments. He discouraged the publication of a sour Antifederalist minority report such as had been produced in other states. Resolving against resistance and for a fair test of the new form of government, he joined Henry, after ratification, in preserving Antifederalist control of the Virginia House of Delegates and helped pass the Bill of Rights through the chamber, once presented there by the Congress of the United States.

Benjamin Harrison, in his prudence, caution and length of service to the state which commanded his primary loyalty, in his untroubled affirmation of the values of his fathers and the culture which they had brought to its maturity, was a symbol of continuity with Virginia's "Golden Age" as the Old Dominion entered upon its great experiment with political life inside the Federal Union, a massive figure in high black boots and elegant blue coat, with full white locks tied in queue. No public man of his time kept better society, or was more often consulted in the business of his state. Yet his own favorite companions were his sons--and his special counsellors, a large cat and a small dog who, before their master, played well together and kept the peace.

At the age of 65, Benjamin Harrison ended where he began and died at Berkeley--a man sometimes alarmed by the upheavals of his time, but never driven beyond the boundaries of his composure by what occurred. ☆

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SHORT STORIES/ TALL TALES

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A Yankee friend of mine once observed that all Southerners seem to be knowledgeable of their history. "Southerners," he added, "actually embrace their history."

He may be right. Even the most non-historically inclined Southerners seem at least to know a great deal of their local past. It is part of the upbringing. Southerners like a good story, especially if it is told on somebody they know. Southern history is just another good story that happens to involve their kin. And kin is somebody they know, even if they died two hundred years ago.

So history and kin have lots in common for Southerners, and it shows up in the way they treat both. For instance, Southerners claim their kin. I don't mean just know their kin, but actually claim them. Often to the third and fourth degree. (It never ceases to amaze Yankees that Southerners know their cousins to the third degree, and can distinguish between a second cousin, once removed, and a third cousin.) But there is something more subtle going on in the knowing and claiming of kin. If one wants to acknowledge their second cousin, the Bank President, then they have to claim their first cousin, the one who is "not quite right." The town drunk, a second cousin, once removed, on your mother's side, is spoken to at church or at the family reunion just as readily as the local factory owner, an uncle.

I was thinking of all this the other day as I had pulled off the road and was reading a roadside historic marker that gave the details to the Battle of Fishdam Ford. Actually one of two proud little markers that commemorate that short Revolutionary War engagement, the one where General Sumter, the Fighting Gamecock, was seen running like a shot out the back of his tent in his long underwear to keep from being captured by the British. A not so glorious moment in the life and times of a General who is much honored by his fellow Carolinians.

That small nighttime action is mentioned in all of the history books that are written by Southerners right along with the Battle of King's Mountain, that great battle on the North and South Carolina border that is acknowledged by most historians to have been the turning point of the Revolution. One battle glorious,

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one inglorious. Both known and claimed. Just like all of our cousins.

The Yankees take a different approach, however. They claim their victories, but they try to ignore their losses. It is the behavior of an insecure people who are ashamed of their drunk cousin. Those insecure Yankees haven't learned something Southerners all seem to know. They haven't learned that in the blood of the town drunk runs the same heritage, and the same possibilities for future generations as the family's winners. One look at Southern literature will show just how much Southerners know about strength and weakness, winning and losing, and how closely both are intertwined. Winning and losing is the stuff of families, and histories.

Now, almost every one can name a good number of Revolutionary War battles: Lexington and Concord, Bunker Hill, Saratoga, Fort Ticonderoga, Princeton, Trenton, Charleston, Camden, Cowpens, and King's Mountain. These are names known by almost every school child. The interesting thing about this or any list one could name from memory is that they include all of the Yankee victories, but none of their defeats; while the list includes both Southern victories and defeats. (Bunker Hill, of course was a defeat, but in truth it was such a pyrrhic victory for the British, and such a moral victory for the Americans, that it is proudly listed in all of our histories). The reason any school child can recognize those names is because they are battles that will be mentioned in any standard school text.

Now, why is it that children are taught about both victories and defeats in the South -- but only victories in the North. Is it because none of the Yankee campaigns were lost? Were there no humiliating moments in the North during the Revolutionary War? Or is something insidious going on?

Well, for those of you who still think Yankees tell it straight, let me tell you about the Siege of Castine and Battle of Penobscot Bay. Then you can decide for yourself whether there is an occasion where our history texts shade in one direction or another.

In June of 1779 a small three ship British force put into Penobscot Bay in Maine and sailed a short way up the Penobscot River to a new settlement called Castine. After landfall the Commander of the British

expedition, Brigadier General Francis McLean, noting the local inhabitants were generally a friendly, but scruffy looking lot, came up with a public relations scheme that captured the hearts and minds of the New Englanders. He offered to pay the local men to help him build a fort. Everyone was happy all around when over one hundred of the townsmen showed up for work the next day.

From all accounts, however, the locals weren't much at fort building. By the end of the month the fort consisted of a front wall less than four feet high, plus two side walls of even less than that. There wasn't any back wall at all. One soldier commented that a man could easily jump over the walls with a musket in his hands. But these engineering flaws weren't solely the fault of the willing locals. More likely it could be squarely placed on the British officers. One of the locals noted in his diary that the British officers were often seen going over to nearby Orland, "to see Old Vyle's daughters."

As the dubious fortress was going up, it was being very carefully watched by the patriots in the area, including Lt. Colonel Paul Revere, up from Boston. Spying through his telescope from a nearby hilltop, Revere reported the progress on the fort back to his superiors in Massachusetts. At that time Maine, as we know it, was part of Massachusetts and the men in charge in Boston were preparing a massive expedition to chase the Red Coats out of New England. Revere reported that it didn't look like much of a fort to him. As he watched and waited and reported, the Massachusetts "Penobscot Expedition", as it came to be called, arrived.

There is no record of the British reaction to the force that was sent against them, but those untested troops must have watched in stunned amazement as nineteen heavily armed war ships sailed into the harbor accompanied by no fewer than twenty-four transport ships. This was no small fighting fleet, this was an armada. It was the largest American Naval force ever assembled up to that time. The transports carried nearly one thousand troops which, when added to the seamen, totaled an impressive seventeen hundred American fighting men. Some accounts say there were over two thousand. The British Commander must have wondered just how his new recruits were taking it all since every man, except his officers, was green, having never seen battle before.

The whole Penobscot Expedition had been put together and paid for by the state of Massachusetts, and (in terms of equipment) they had done very well. These ships were some of the very best in the Navy. The flag ship, the *Warren,* boasted thirty-two guns, and was commanded by a Continental officer, Commodore Dudley Saltonstall. The nineteen warships together carried an impressive three hundred and forty-four guns. It's a shame we don't have a record of the comments of Captain Henry Mowatt, the British Navy Commander, as he stood on the deck of one of his three ships and watched this flotilla of forty-four pass by.

Once in the bay, Commodore Saltonstall lost no time in setting the tone for the whole battle that was to follow over the next three weeks. He surveyed the small force against him, tested the wind, which was blowing rather hard that day, and decided rather than attack to call a conference of his commanders. By late afternoon, around three o'clock, Saltonstall was finally ready and gave the order to engage the enemy.

Saltonstall sent in nine of his best ships with guns blazing. The British, not wanting to surrender too soon, fired back. Simultaneously with the naval assault, the American Army commander, Brigadier General Soloman Lovell, led a party to assault the fort. Later the Americans said the wind was blowing too hard for them to maneuver well, and since it was getting late anyway, they thought it best to call the operation off. There were almost no casualties in that first half-hearted attempt. Lt. Colonel never reported that "one Indian" was killed.

The next day the American forces were back again. This time Lovell and his second in command, Brigadier General Peleg Wadsworth, made a good landing with some of his troop ships and put four hundred militia and marines ashore. But Saltonstall wouldn't commit his battleships.

Once on shore the American army found the battle tough going. The sides of the island were steep and the British had left their makeshift fort to fight from behind the trees. The British, fighting with the desperation of cornered rats, were finally pushed back inside their fort. The Americans suffered a loss of fifty men getting up the cliffs and to the walls of the fort.

General McLean, the British commander, best summed up what happened next: "I believe the American Commanders were a pack of cowards or they would have taken me. I was in no situation to defend myself, I only meant to give them one or two guns so as not to be called a coward, and then have struck my colors as I did not wish to throw away the lives of my men for nothing." He stood with his hand on his pinnant halyard so he could do just that. But much to his surprise, and to the tremendous relief of his trapped army, the attack never came.

The Americans, having taken a large number of casualties already, and mistaking the desperate look on the British defenders' faces for determination, decided a siege of the hapless British to be a better idea than an assault. So they made busy surrounding the three-sided fort. They also decided to send for reinforcements--all the way back to Boston. Lt. Colonel Revere wrote the letter asking for more troops

and dispatched it by whale boat, the slowest boat in the Navy.

The incredulous British, watching the Americans settle in right before their eyes, didn't know what to think. They may not have known what to think, but they did know exactly what to do once they found themselves surrounded. They started building their fort in earnest. No more dallying with the local's daughters on a balmy Maine summer's night for them. And, oh yes: they, like the Americans, sent for help too.

Commodore Saltonstall, who had been parading his many ships' just outside cannon range, refused to come into the harbor until the fort had been taken. Lovell refused to try to take the fort without the many ships' guns for a bombardment. After days and days of this stalemate, General Lovell decided to go it alone and again led an attack on the then secure fort. He was beaten off with severe losses.

Seeing the fort wasn't to be taken without the overwhelming fire power of the three hundred and forty-four naval guns, the Army officers sent a delegation to Saltonstall insisting he try something to make use of their overwhelming force. A number of plans were discussed with the reluctant Commodore; but while the Americans were discussing, and delaying and pointing the finger of blame--the British were coming.

Whoever the British counterpart to Paul Revere was, he had gotten through to the British Headquarters, and they sent immediate help. They sent Sir George Collier with a relief force of five more warships and fifteen hundred men. He sailed his ships right up the middle of the Penobscot Bay directly at the American fleet. The Americans who had managed to be stymied for twenty days by a force only one-sixth their size quickly saw their new situation for what it was. The ships fled up the river and the troops ran into the woods.

The next morning, realizing the state of Massachusetts was about to lose a fortune in shipping vessels, and hoping at least some of the transports might get by the British in the confusion of battle, the Commodore came out to pit his nineteen battleships against the British eight.

The British, better equipped in better ships, and certainly under better command, simply wiped the American fleet off the face of the bay. Every ship not destroyed in the fighting was pursued up the river, captured, plundered, and sunk, that is if the Americans hadn't scuttled them first. The loss of lives was tremendous. The troops under General Lovell headed south through the woods hoping to avoid capture. Some two months later, the starved and exhausted remains of Lovell's army straggled into Boston.

The finger pointing that followed was furious and bitter. Commodore Saltonstall was accused of taking British bribes and court-martialed. Even though that seemed the only logical explanation, it obviously was a hard charge to prove since the court acquitted him. (The records of that trial were, unfortunately, lost.)

General Wadsworth, who didn't like Revere to start with, came to hate the man in the aftermath of Penobscot. Wadsworth publicly stated Revere ran so fast in order to save his own personal baggage train that he both left his post of duty and disobeyed a direct order. Revere was court-martialed for both cowardice and disobeying orders. Revere himself asked for the court-martial hoping to clear his name; a move that was successful because the court ruled, in effect, that everyone was running so fast that orders couldn't be communicated adequately.

One interesting sidelight of the whole affair is that two generations later, General Wadsworth's grandson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, immortalized Paul Revere in his most famous poem, "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere." One historian has observed that if General Wadsworth had known one of his own grandsons would make Revere a hero, he would have cut his own throat.

In Sir Henry Clinton's papers some details on the battle of Penobscot can be found. (The English, of course, can be expected to write it up.) In the Encyclopedia of the Revolutionary War (and in a few obscure books) you can find a few references to the battle and siege. But by and large, the largest single defeat of an American Navy, and the court-martial of one of America's most famous Revolutionary War figures, is still unknown. While battles of far less significance are well known, the decimation of the Massachusetts Army and the obliteration of the Massachusetts Navy is known only to the most careful students of the Revolutionary War.

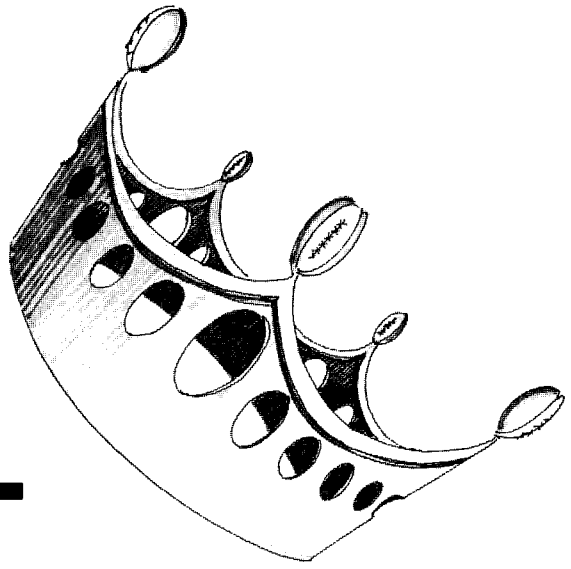
Perhaps before the next Northern historian writes the next history text he should drive through South Carolina and look at the dozens and dozens of roadside markers that detail the Revolutionary War in the South. I remember the author of my college text erroneously said both the battle of Camden and Cowpens took place in North Carolina, so it's entirely possible he might learn some simple geography if nothing else.

But he might learn something even more useful than geography. He might learn to acknowledge all of his family even when they fail, even the drunk cousin.

And if he does, and if he writes them up truthfully, we Southerners will understand. We've all got some kin that leave a lot to be desired. We not only speak to them at church and at family reunions, we sometimes put their names on markers by the road. ☆

Lake High is a stock broker and veteran promoter of confederate causes in South Carolina.

We are happy to offer this *Partisan* exclusive, a story from Robert Drake's new book *Survivors and Others* published by Mercer University Press of Macon, Georgia. This new collection (Drake's fourth book of stories) is now available in both paper and hardcover.



FOOTBALL QUEEN

by Robert Drake

Ann Louise Parker, who was fifteen and a sophomore in high school, would have given anything in the world to be elected Football Queen. But in order to do that you had to collect the most money of all the candidates--a penny a vote. And the money all went for a good cause--to buy new equipment for the team, which they never would have gotten otherwise, there was so little money for athletics in the official budget then. Anyhow, that was certainly all right with her: what she mainly wanted was simply to be crowned at halftime during the annual Thanksgiving Day game with Woodville's arch rival, Jimson, which had the only other high school in the county, and then have the privilege of sitting on the bench with the team all during the next season. There was only one drawback. The Woodville and Jimson Queens always had to exchange bouquets halfway across the field on the fifty-yard line as part of the halftime ceremony, and Ann Louise would have to give up her purple and white chrysanthemums (the Woodville colors) for the tacky old ordinary yellow of Jimson's. But she reckoned she could rise to the occasion if she had to.

Anyhow, this was all better, to her way of thinking, than being chosen Miss Woodville in the annual beauty revue and getting to represent the town at the annual Strawberry Festival over in Crockett City. All you got out of that was mostly your picture in the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* and a chance to ride a float in a number of parades. And none of that could compare with sitting on the bench with the football team. Besides, Ann Louise could always face facts: she knew her looks were not her strong point (her nose was no good, for one thing) and she was never going to be a beauty queen. If she was anything at all, she had always told herself, she was a realist.

She never was really sure just how she had gotten into the race for Football Queen anyhow. Each of the four high school classes had to choose a candidate, and somehow she had gotten elected for the sophomores. She was already a cheerleader, and maybe that had put ideas in somebody's head--that she could advance to the greater dignity of Football Queen. Because everybody said she had great spirit and lots of pep, whatever that was. And yes, she did enjoy getting to wear the purple and white cheerleader's uniform--purple and white sweater and a purple skirt with a white underside that you could see when she did cartwheels. And God knows, you got to be conspicuous as all get-out, which was what Ann Louise's mother said she was afraid she mainly wanted anyway.

In general, her mother took a dim view of all such affairs: they were all too "stimulating," she said, even "demoralizing," and took your mind off your

studies. But then as long as Ann Louise could show her that she had a very respectable report card, especially in English and Latin and algebra--what her mother called the "fundamentals," her mother would pretty much go along with whatever she wanted to do in the extracurricular line. And Ann Louise thought perhaps that, all things considered, her mother might be getting more broad-minded as the years went along. (She could wear long hose on Sundays now and even a little lipstick to school--but not too much.) And then, too, now that Ann Louise had quit taking piano lessons (she had decided not to "go on with her music," as they said), she had more free time; and perhaps her mother thought it was just as well to have something else acceptable to fill it up with.

Anyhow, she had always suspected that her best friend, Martha Alice Craig, had somehow engineered her being chosen the sophomores' candidate for Football Queen (she wasn't sure just how) because then *she* could get to manage Ann Louise's campaign. And if there was anything in the world Martha Alice loved, Ann Louise knew quite well, it was getting to *manage* something, whether it was an election campaign or a Girl Scout drive to collect kitchen grease to help the war effort (World War II had just ended) or even to sew pink and blue flannel squares together to make blankets for the Red Cross to send the Londoners who had been bombed out of their home during the blitz.

Ann Louise had always wondered about all that--how all that left-over grease from bacon and chicken frying was going to avenge Pearl Harbor and what the English would think of those thin, flimsy blankets. And she sometimes had fantasies of greasing all the tiny little Japanese so they couldn't be getting into their suicide dive bombers; and she would dream about the freezing London homeless huddled under the pink and blue blankets in the London underground, which was what they always called the subway on the radio and in the newsreels. But then you just never knew what might happen from even the smallest things, for good or ill: there had been the little boy with his finger in the dike and the kingdom that was lost for the want of a nail. And whatever you were doing in the world, you had always better watch your step because, like they were always telling you back during the war, *careless talk cost lives.* So every little bit helped, as her mother had always said when she wanted Ann Louise to dry the dishes after supper and, as she always went on to add, every step Ann Louise took saved *her* just that much.

But however Martha Alice had managed it--or not managed it, Ann Louise *was* the sophomore candidate; and, on the whole, she didn't think much of the competition. The freshmen had chosen Sandra Sue Davis, a tiny little thing that everybody always called "adorable," though Ann Louise had never decided on

And people liked Juanita too, even if she had been going steady with the man who drove the Wonder Bread truck and was going to marry him as soon as she graduated. But then Ann Louise never had seen any future in that: why would anybody want to get married and settle down and turn into an old woman any sooner than she had to? So what if you couldn't afford to go off to college? You could always go to Memphis and get a job and maybe even have your own apartment.

what grounds other than the fact that she *was* small and had eyes that tended to violet and a little tee-wee voice that mewed like a kitten. And the juniors had picked Bonnie Jean Dougherty, who had the ugliest legs Ann Louise had ever seen and you certainly got to see them often enough because she was a drum majorette with the band and the highest stepper Woodville had ever seen. The seniors, however, who had never been able to elect a Football Queen (after all, when would she reign, she'd be gone the next year?), put their shoulders to the wheel and got behind Juanita Stanley; and Ann Louise had sense enough to know that here finally was some real competition. Because Juanita was really pretty, with naturally curly hair; and she had dimples and a great smile and used them both quite often. And people *liked* Juanita too, even if she had been going steady with the man who drove the Wonder Bread truck and was going to marry him as soon as she graduated. But then Ann Louise never had seen any future in that: why would anybody want to get married and settle down and turn into an old woman any sooner than she had to? So what if you couldn't afford to go off to college? You could always go to Memphis and get a job and maybe even have your own apartment. And the possibilities that might come out of that were practically limitless, Ann Louise thought.

But then why would anybody want to go steady anyway? In 1945, the more boys you could keep dangling at one time, the higher your stock rose; and Ann Louise would never forget that only last Easter, Marcelene Vaden, who everybody always said was faster than greased lightning but you never could prove it, had gotten six corsages from six different boys and somehow managed to wear them all in the course of the day: one for Sunday School, another for church, and so on throughout the day, ending up with the Training Union and evening service that night. But her mother told somebody later she couldn't have made it without the kindness of her neighbors: she sent her rolls and dessert for dinner over to the Wheelers next door, to keep in their refrigerator because there was nothing but all those corsages in their own.

Being Football Queen would certainly be a step up—there was no doubt about that—and it wasn't something that was too narrow or limited either. If you were a beauty queen, which, let's face it, she hadn't been born for, well, there really wasn't much you could do—just ride floats and smile and wave at people, maybe for the rest of your life.

Ann Louise wasn't sure she wanted to be all that spectacular herself; but then she had always had a hankering to be like Scarlett O'Hara and have the smallest waist in five counties--seventeen inches--and be *courted* and *sought after*. If truth were told, she supposed she really would like to have lived back in those days--at least for a little while--and been a *belle* and have lots of *beaux*. But then she knew she would have gotten tired of all those hoop skirts. And maybe she was more cut out for the Reconstruction period anyway: she knew it never was going to be her fate in life just to sit around and look pretty, but she had gumption and she believed she could have run a sawmill right well, like Scarlett after the war. Whatever the case, Juanita and her Wonder Bread man were the farthest things in the world from her mind: *she* was going to *go places and do things and have fun*. And only last year, when she was a freshman, she had been voted into the Subdebs and gotten to go to their Christmas Formal with Johnny Henderson from down the street, who was already a junior; and she had dated him and a couple of other boys on the weekends since then, even gone to a dance over in Crockett City, which was twenty miles away, as a guest of her cousin, Paul Andrews. And she didn't think there was any limit to what she might do before long--maybe even the Cotton Carnival in Memphis!

Being Football Queen would certainly be a step up --there was no doubt about that--and it wasn't something that was too narrow or limited either. If you were a beauty queen, which, let's face it, she hadn't been born for, well, there really wasn't much you could do--just ride floats and smile and wave at people, maybe for the rest of your life. Because Ann Louise had already noticed that being a beauty queen seemed to do something to people: older girls and women who had been one always seemed to be posing for the camera or else expecting to be photographed everywhere they went. But it was really all downhill from then on. After all, what could they do for an encore? But then, on the other hand, you could be real studious and make the highest grades in your class and win a scholarship to college and go on and be a Phi Beta Kappa (like Mrs. Coleman, their algebra teacher, who wore her hair like Popeye's girlfriend, Olive Oyl). But then that all seemed to put a crimp in your social life, and you ended up wearing glasses before your time and not having many friends or dating much because everybody thought you were a brain. Football Queen seemed like a sensible middle course then: it showed you were *popular* (a word that Ann Louise had come to respect a great deal) but had your feet on the ground. And your head wasn't too much up in the air either. And you had plenty of sense and weren't just boy crazy, with nothing else on your mind. For that matter, Ann Louise had always made the honor roll; and, on the whole, she thought her mother had probably always been right about *putting first things first*. But then of course you didn't want to overdo it either: you might end up looking like Mrs. Coleman.

So anyhow they now had three weeks to mount and carry out their campaign, as Martha Alice put it; and she told Ann Louise she was determined to do something different, something that would attract attention, and not just go around with a tin can soliciting money--and votes--like it was just one more fundraising thing for the war effort. Everybody was sick of that, and you could really get them to sit up and take notice only if you came up with something new and different; you had to do some *merchandising*. And so what she hit on was the *Sophomore Scandals,* to be put on one morning during the activity period in the school auditorium the last week of the campaign.

Everybody else had been doing what seemed rather piddling things: the freshmen, with little tiny Sandra Sue as their mascot, held a bake sale, which Ann Louise thought might just as well have been a return to the days of Girl Scout cookies. The juniors--with Bonnie Jean leading the way, of course--staged a band concert, though there was nowhere for Bonnie Jean to strut her stuff as a majorette. But she did get to sing (not her strongest point, Ann Louise thought) what turned out to be a medley of war songs, all dressed up in an Uncle Sam costume but without the beard of course. But then everybody was sick to death of the war by this time, and that was the last sort of thing they wanted to hear. "Remember Pearl Harbor" and "The White Cliffs of Dover" were already back numbers. The seniors really didn't do anything much, just had lots of posters put up all over the place, with Juanita's picture on them, looking sweet and pretty, and saying "Let's make it a first: elect a senior Football Queen." But they really didn't say much about Juanita: her photograph and her name were just more or less left to speak for themselves, which all seemed pretty desperate to Ann Louise. But then what *could* you say about somebody like Juanita? There wasn't anything about her that was dramatic or glamorous or even scandalous. She was just *nice*, and she was going to marry the Wonder Bread man, and there was no *news* about any of it.

Anyhow, Ann Louise knew that if you were going

to get anywhere in this world, you had to *hustle* and get your product out before the public. And she thought that applied to Football Queens as well as soap powder or anything else. And certainly, Martha Alice, whose father had the Ford agency, was of the same opinion. She told Ann Louise her father had been nearly crazy these last few years, during the war, with no new cars to sell: all he had to offer was service, which put food on the table all right but wasn't exactly the most exciting or interesting thing in the world. But now he would soon be having those big beautiful machines in his showroom again, and there was already a long list of customers with cash money ready to buy the first cars that rolled off the assembly line. (Mr. Craig kept the list in his safe, and nobody ever quite knew what the order of the names was either. That was his trump card, Martha Alice explained.) And so Martha Alice thought up the idea of the *Sophomore Scandals*, which would be a sort of variety show or maybe like old-time vaudeville was supposed to be, with everybody in the class doing whatever act he would be best at, and the whole thing climaxed by a strip-tease number performed by *masked dancers!*

Sometimes Ann Louise just had to wonder where Martha Alice got all her ideas. Even if her father was a car salesman (and if she'd heard right, could really sell you the Brooklyn Bridge or anything else he wanted to), that was pretty advanced for Woodville High School in 1945. But of course, it wasn't as if they were really going to *do* anything. The strippers would just start out fully clothed--in their most fetching party dresses or formals but swapped around so people wouldn't know exactly who was who--and, after shedding whatever was in between, end up with bathing suits on. And that seemed pretty tame. And all the while one of the other girls in the class would be playing slow, slinky music on the baby grand piano the PTA had given the school some years before. Ann Louise, who wasn't performing herself, could have done that part easily; but she thought that since she was the heroine or the honoree or whatever of the occasion, it would be more suitable if she stayed back behind the scenes and just mainly gave moral support. But she had something of a giggle when she stopped to think of what Miss Caroline Miller, her former music teacher, would have said if she ever heard of such a thing. Miss Caroline should have been a German general, Ann Louise had decided long ago, with maybe a dash of Emily Post thrown in. And she ruled the lives of her piano students--all of them girls whom she was determined to turn into *ladies* if not pianists--down to the last participant. And what she would have thought of "her girls" (and Martha Alice had taken lessons from her too) being involved in such an event just didn't bear close examination.

Ann Louise didn't say anything much about all this at home of course. In fact, she hadn't said much of anything about her campaign for Football Queen. She knew enough to know her mother wouldn't be too keen on the idea, despite the fact that she always wanted Ann Louise to be "popular"; on the other hand, her mother didn't take much stock in the royalty or the beauty business either. She said she could think of a lot more things for Ann Louise to be in the world besides a beauty queen, which Ann Louise thought was just as well considering what *she* had to work with. Her father of course usually just kept all such woman-foolishness at arm's length and had as little to do with it as possible (as a rule, he disappeared behind his newspaper); the happiest day of his life, Ann Louise had decided, was when she stopped taking piano lessons and he knew he would never have to go to another one of Miss Caroline's recitals again. But in any case, she thought it would be just as well to keep them in the dark about the striptease.

So the day for the big performance came; and every sophomore that could sing or tap dance or do a waltz (like one brother and sister duo) or recite (like some of the ones who took "expression") or just play the piano (but preferably nothing "classical") was right there, ready to give it his or her all. And Ann Louise was all over the place back behind the stage, giving aid and comfort to the ones who had suddenly gotten stage fright. And Martha Alice, who had billed herself as "producer and director" in all the advertisements, was looking very important and commanding, as she ran around seeing that everybody was in the right place for every number. And then she gave the signal to start, and the curtain went up, and the show was on. It all went well too. Everybody in the audience (which was a large one) knew all the performers, of course, and urged them on, even shouting to them by name from time to time. And it was all about as undignified and unlike one of Miss Caroline's recitals as anything on earth could possibly be. But then Ann Louise decided that was all right too: this was certainly no time for Emily Post. In any case, it all seemed to be going well; and though most of the performers were all the rankest of amateurs, there was nobody you really had to feel *sorry* for.

But then the grand finale--the masked striptease--was all ready to begin; and Ann Louise suddenly wondered whether it was all going to go off all right. Had they gone too far for Woodville; were they too "advanced" and ahead of their time; what would everybody say? She really hadn't ever thought that far ahead before. Mainly, she had just thought the whole thing *sounded* deliciously wicked; but that was all--nothing really *risque* of course and mostly just the power of suggestion anyway. But now all of a sudden she began to wonder what the harvest would be. And pretty soon she wasn't in any doubt. The boys in the

audience began to whistle and holler (things like "keep it clean"): then they stomped their feet and made some even ruder noises. But it wasn't like they were *offended,* more just like they were making fun of it all. Looking out from the wings, Ann Louise could see many of the girls in the audience beginning to leave: Sandra Sue and Bonnie Jean and their supporters, she noticed. But she didn't think for a minute they were *outraged*; they were just showing off. And she noticed that Juanita had stayed put and wondered what the Wonder Bread man would think. Finally after the girls had gotten down to their bathing suits, which after all was as far as they were going to *go*, there were very few people left in the auditorium but mostly just some rabble-rousing boys, none of whom Ann Louise would have dated on a bet. And here came the principal, Mr. Venable, to say to Ann Louise and Martha Alice that he thought the performance had gone on quite long enough and they could bring down the curtain now. (No other teachers were present, and Ann Louise was certainly glad of that.) And Mr. Venable assured them that he would say no more about the matter, but he looked amused. And Ann Louise wasn't sure but what he was trying not to laugh when he said he would always wonder just *who* the "masked ladies" were but wouldn't inquire further.

Well, it was just the worst time ever in her whole entire life, Ann Louise decided right then and there. And she would gladly have crawled off somewhere by herself and died or else thrown up or had the hysterics or *something*; but she was too well schooled in "appearing before the public," as Miss Caroline had called it in her recital days, to act like that. That was one thing Ann Louise had learned from her for sure--self-control and maybe something else Miss Caroline always vaguely referred to as "presence." And it really paid off now. She just told all the performers she really loved what they had done for her and would always appreciate it but this was the end of her election campaign and now they would all just wait for the results, in two days' time. But of course she and Martha Alice didn't dare look at each other now : they might have laughed or cried or done both. But what they wouldn't have done was get mad at each other: they were much too close and had been through far too many things together for that. She could imagine what she might have to endure when she got home later on: her mother would probably have a fit when she heard about it, but she didn't think her father would mind much. After all, what she had done showed her *initiative* and her *resourcefulness;* and her father was always on the side of things like that. (He wasn't a banker for nothing, Ann Louise had decided long ago.) And if she wasn't quite in harmony with the public taste right then, well, she had shown that she had get-up-and-go and maybe was ahead of her time.

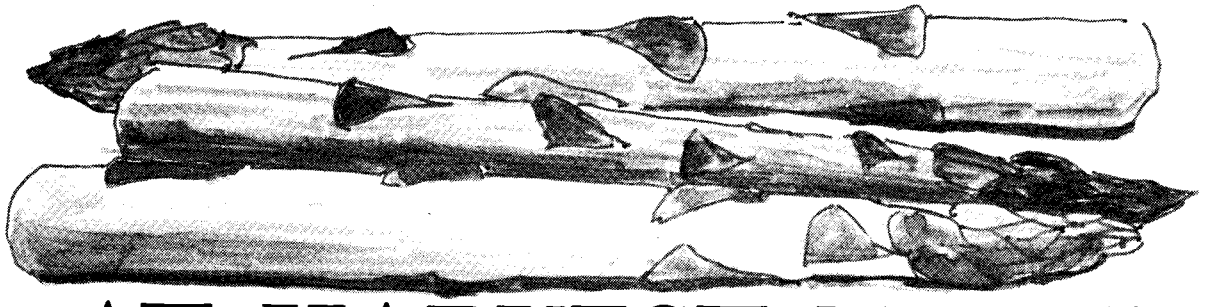
But it was nevertheless a very bad time for her right now, and so all she could think of to do was go to the rest room: at least there she could sit down in one of the stalls and be alone for a minute or two. She really didn't *need* to go at all. But she went on anyway; and when she closed the door, she saw some new writing on the back of it she hadn't seen there before. And it was all in big bold block letters too: LIFE IS A BITCH, it said, AND THEN YOU DIE. And it sounded almost like an Old Testament prophecy or else one of those roadside signs that urged you to prepare to meet your God, just before you went round a hairpin curve up in the Smoky Mountains. In any case, it looked--and sounded--as if it had been put there by somebody who knew what he (or, in this case, presumably she) was talking about and who *meant business.*

Ann Louise sat there for a good while thinking about it; and the more she thought about it, the better she liked the idea. It was all perfectly true too: that's just the way it was--life, the world, folks, whatever you wanted to call it. And whatever you did, it was going to be too little or too late or too early or ahead of its time or out of its time or something else. And who knew what the arrangements might be like on the other side--or who was going to be there anyhow? So who finally could give a damn anyway? And the more she thought about it, the better she liked the idea of that sentence being chosen for the rest room door. And what better or more suitable place could there have been for it? Maybe the anonymous author and/or perpetrator was the wisest of philosophers. At any rate, it pleased her right then to think so. And she began to laugh.

And from that very moment her spirits slowly began to rise and continued steadily to do so, until two days later; and then they positively soared when the election results were announced and it was found that, for the first time in history, the seniors had elected a Football Queen. And so now Juanita Stanley would get to be crowned at the Thanksgiving game; and next year, if she chose and the Wonder Bread man didn't mind, she would get to sit on the bench with the team at all the games. ☆

Robert Drake is professor of English at the University of Tennessee.

"ASPARAGUS BLISS



AT HARVEST TIME"

by Anne Tyler Norman

As a child there were few things I wouldn't eat. I don't know how my parents trained me so successfully. Maybe it was my mother's rule of This-is-all-there-is-for-dinner-and-if-you-don't-like-it-you'll-go-hungry. Not that she forced winkles and sweetbreads on me when I was in the highchair or anything.

A lifelong gourmet at heart, I remember many of my mother's dishes fondly: smooth, buttery spoon bread steaming from a light blue casserole dish covered in fleur de lis; a gargantuan beef stew which took the better part of a day to prepare and tasted better as time trudged on; gentle bass filets with only a hint of butter, cooked in a mean black cast iron skillet, only long enough to take out their inner pink.

I also remember her dishes changing as naturally as the leaves outside were withering, falling, budding, and blooming. Small bowls of icy gaspacho followed by shrimp and Remoulade in the simmering multi colored salads with lots of blue cheese followed by cold, lemony chicken in Indian summer; plates of steaming pasta covered with a sauce of Italian sausage, red wine, celery, onion, and such un-Southern spices as cumin and red pepper in winter. Come springtime I remember asparagus.

Fresh asparagus was only in season for two months so we ate it frequently. My parents had a small garden plot behind our house in Richmond. They grew vegetables, tomatoes, yellow squash, and green peppers which could take care of themselves somewhat. But Asparagus, the prima donna of the vegetable kingdom, can't be harvested the first two years after planting. Only the most dedicated gardeners are so patient.

My mother bought her asparagus in stringed bundles from the Stonewall Market which was next to the Grove Avenue Pharmacy and the closest store to our house. Though small, it was popular with the surrounding neighborhoods because Stanley the balding owner let you charge. If he knew you.

There was always something special about asparagus. It was treated, at least in my family, with as much reverence as the black caviar we spooned onto bits of melba toast at Christmastime. No green-flecked bisques. Never poking out from a timbale. Never buried beneath hollandaise and mousseline or enshrouded in a seafood omelet. In the wintertime, Mother sometimes served canned green or white asparagus in vinaigrette -- a hopeful harbinger of what we all anticipated come May.

My mother was happiest if she was left alone in the kitchen to cook. She only really expected help with cleaning up since those were the days of dishes having to be washed **before** they were put in the dishwasher. But, sometimes, since I was the eldest, I'd be called over to the stove for some chore or another if I'd finished setting the table. My father would be left

peacefully in the living room to read the paper and recover from his business day, my brother to wreak quiet havoc in some household corner.

The French insist that asparagus is inedible if not peeled, tied in bundles, and plunged horizontally into salted boiling water; Lillian Hellman preferred hers lemoned, unpeeled, and steaming upright; but my mother chose to unpeel hers slightly (depending on the woodiness), then laid two dozen or so stalks in a steamer. It would be my task to boil the water in the steamer, making sure I didn't knock off any tips while arranging the stalks. I'd set the buzzer for twelve minutes, a time adhered to religiously; I'd also oversee the melting of butter. Asparagus was one of the few vegetables my parents never bothered coaxing down their children's throats. Even my brother, caught by the spell of our obvious reverence for the green spears, ate his without complaint.

Asparagus, known as *Asparagus officinalis,* has been around a very long time. There are at least a hundred species growing in America and Europe, and it has been enjoyed since the eras of Ramses II, Christ, Cato the Elder, and Louis XIV. Louis's royal gardener Quintinie constructed special wooden frames to cultivate bumper crops from spring to winter, both to satisfy his master's cravings and to keep his head attached to his shoulders. Unfortunately, we of lesser rank can only enjoy asparagus in late spring-early summer unless we're prepared to pay a king's ransom the rest of the year. Or tolerate canned.

Boasting a vitamin content of A, B, and C with few calories as long as the cook avoids fattening accoutrements, this member of the lily family continues to spark hot debate on how to buy it, cook it, and serve it. Whether buying white, violet, or green, wild or Californian, you can rest assured there are some common truths amidst all the arguing. It's best to choose spear by spear. If you can't, then buy bundles of similar size. Choose stalks which are smooth and crisp. Fat spears are easier to handle than thin and taste the same. Eight to ten spears per person should do.

When I cook mine, I use the steamer my mother gave me and imitate her method of a twelve minute, uncovered steam. A knife sunk into a stalk-end announces the readiness. I only carefully pare the stems of any questionable spots or stringiness before cooking because I feel I've sinned if I burst a tip or break a stalk. A terrible abuse. A kitchen crime. It so bothers me, I don't want to eat anything broken (almost).

Like growing up, I still prefer my asparagus unadorned most of the time. I never order it in restaurants because I know it will come costumed a la polonaise, a la careme, or completely hidden by dairy products. A little lemon juice or a splash of melted butter is sufficient. Over time, however, I have made two discoveries I now enjoy -- one is the pasta dish recited below. The other is a dish as simple, pure, and heady as Chantilly cream: a few stalks of asparagus stretched out on a piece of crisp toast with a narrow path of white sauce trailing on top.

Whether I'm slicing into my simply steamed asparagus or piece of asparagus toast or twirling linguine, ham, and asparagus around my fork, I usually remember, even if momentarily, those May evenings in my family's kitchen. The backdoor, recently screened, would be open and Spicy, our tortoise shell cat, would be curled expectantly near her bowl. My father would be asking me about my day at school as my mother gently chided me about my manners (if need be) and my brother would be kicking me under the table whenever possible.

Asparagus Pasta
1½ pounds asparagus, blanched
2-3 tablespoons butter
5 scallions, chopped
2 cloves garlic, chopped
8 slices cooked ham, slivered and seasoned
1 pound box linguine
salt and fresh pepper to taste
juice of one lemon
1½ cups chicken stock
1 cup heavy cream
1½ cups mushrooms, sliced
1 tablespoon marjoram
½ tablespoon thyme
parsley

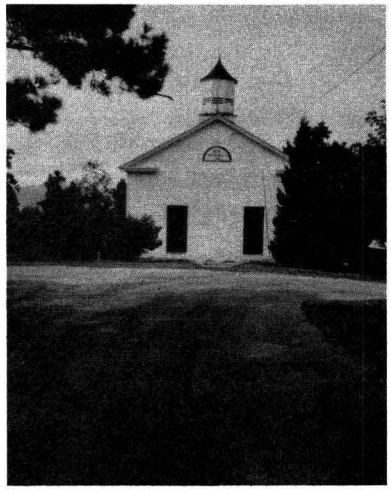
Trim and blanch asparagus, cooking 3-4 minutes if thin, 6-8 if thick. Cut in quarters on the diagonal. Chop scallions, garlic, and ham. Season ham pieces with salt, pepper, and a little lemon and set aside. Boil water for linguine. Saute scallions and garlic in butter for a few minutes. Add chicken stock and reduce gently to one cup. Add cream. Begin cooking linguine. Add mushrooms, marjoram, thyme, lemon juice, salt, and pepper to sauce. Cook until mushrooms are soft; then add asparagus and ham. Let cook over medium heat until sauce thickens to taste. Mix sauce with noodles and serve with coarse ground pepper and parsley on top. Serves 4-5. ☆

Anne Tyler Norman, an authority on Southern cooks and cooking, is a regular contributor to the Southern Partisan.

CRITICUS *ON TOUR*

by Stephen Page Smith

Cartersville, Virginia



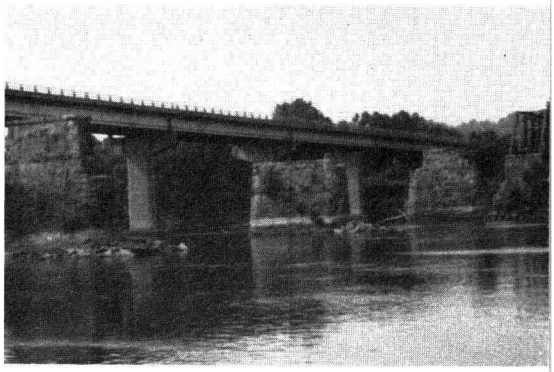
About forty miles west of Richmond, the James River takes a northward bend to form a kind of geographical camel's hump. This is the north end of Cumberland County, and in this "hump" on the river lies the village of Cartersville, where those who are sensitive enough can catch an echo of Old Virginia.

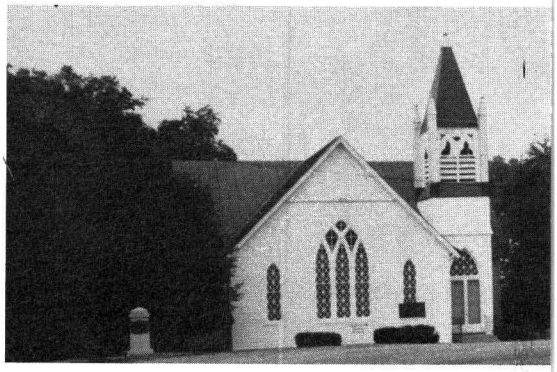
The first thing to make plain is that Cartersville is *not* a small town; it is a village. In Cartersville, you cannot hire a room overnight or buy a meal at a public table. Perhaps fewer than one hundred people live within its ill-defined boundaries. On the south side of the village, as the ground rises away from the river, village shades away by imperceptible degrees into a well-peopled countryside. Proceeding south on State Route 45, by the time you reach a crossroads by a gracious old house still known by the name of "Morven," given by its builder in 1820, you are out of Cartersville proper. At this crossroads, you are near the Powhatan County line. Turn left, and soon you are in the even smaller village of Tamworth, crossing over Muddy Creek into Powhatan; curve right on Route 45, and you are heading toward the county seat, Cumberland Court House, by way of what were once the post office stops of Whiteville and Ashby.

Cumberland County was settled around the turn of the eighteenth century as Virginians moved up the great rivers to take up new lands. Among these earliest settlers were scions of the great Tidewater families. In the north end of the county, around Cartersville, the Harrisons were well represented. In the center, around the courthouse village, many Pages settled before moving on to Kentucky. In the south, across the Appomattox River from the town of Farmville in Prince Edward County, was a branch of the distinguished Randolph family.

Near Cartersville stands "Clifton," built in the early eighteenth century by Carter Henry Harrison, a grandson of "King" Carter. This Harrison was a brother of a signer of the Declaration of Independence and himself the author of "the Cumberland Resolves," described on his monument at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg as "the first positive instructions for Continental independence." Burials took place in the family plot at "Clifton" until 1938; the house remained in family hands until 1963. Nearby is another old Harrison house, "Ampthill," its original frame eighteenth century wing contrasting nicely with a brick nineteenth century wing attributed to Jefferson. Just over the Powhatan County line is "Derwent," a small house where General Lee and his family spent the summer after Appomattox, offered for their use by sympathetic friends.

Like much of the South, Cartersville reached its peak in the 1850's. Its fortunes have ebbed and flowed since. The old bank failed during the Depression. The new bank that opened a couple of years ago is a branch -- twig, more accurately -- of a financial holding company; it stands next to the new medical clinic and pharmacy. But these newcomers are domesticated by their near neighbors, the Martin &





Dabney Garage and Blanton & Pleasants General Merchandise. The latter is a true general store where you can almost certainly find, if not exactly what you are looking for, at least something that will do for the time being.

The largest church in Cartersville is the Baptist, a classic of its kind: white frame with a small, well-proportioned steeple at one corner and a lancet window of colored glass. It stands next to the converted school which is now St. Katharine's Catholic Church. Across the street, the former Presbyterian Church is now the Post Office. The Methodist Church is largely inactive, though other Methodist congregations thrive in the surrounding countryside. (One of these, Thomas Chapel, was attended by General Lee during his stay at "Derwent," there being no Episcopal minister in Cartersville at the time.) Out the road toward "Morven" is St. James Episcopal Church, an early twentieth century structure of neo-Jeffersonian design, replacing an earlier church that burned, and successor to Littleton Parish Church of the established "Church of Virginia" of colonial times.

Until floods following in the wake of a 1972 hurricane destroyed it, an old bridge, a marvel of nineteenth century public works, linked Cartersville with the railroad at Pemberton on the north bank of the James in Goochland County. (If Cartersville is a village, Pemberton is a mere geographic expression: one house at a rail crossing.) For two years the river crossing was by ferry, until a new bridge was opened in 1974. But public outcry prevented the state from demolishing the ruin of the old one, and it still stands today, a physical relic of the past, easy to imagine as it was when whole and proud.

This part of Virginia is one of many places in the South, though their number is shrinking, where one can still get a sense of the cycle of the seasons and the unchanging rhythms of nature, linked with the evidences of long human habitation. Here man and nature are not adversaries, but allies. Spring brings a riot of blooming trees. In summer, corn ripens in the still heat. The crisp air of autumn carries the barks of the hunters' dogs and guns. In winter, the morning fog and evening mist are joined by fragrant wood smoke from stoves and fireplaces.

Most urbanized and secularized hollow men of today would say there is nothing to see or do in Cartersville; they have forgotten the real meanings of sight and action. There are still some of us in the South whose senses are less dulled. Families from Richmond or Charlottesville, out for a Sunday drive, often make their way to Cartersville. There are no "sights" or "attractions," but they come for something else: to get a glimpse of the physical environment of the past and a vestige of its social order. They come to catch an echo of Old Virginia. ☆

Stephen Page Smith is an attorney with the Department of Energy in Washington.

BOOKNOTES

SOUTHERNERS: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE. ***By Charles Kuralt. 256 pp. in oversized hardcover. Oxmoor House. $40.***

"They say the South is at last entering the mainstream. Well as somebody pointed out, one-third of Americans call themselves Southerners. That *is* a mainstream."

So begins Charles Kuralt's ode to the people of the South. Best known for his rambling video essays, "On the Road with Charles Kuralt," which air too seldom on the CBS Evening News, Kuralt is an attentive observer, a gifted wordsmith--and a native Southerner. He was born in Onslow County, North Carolina and grew up among the flat, fertile fields and deep green foliage of eastern North Carolina.

When the editors of Birmingham, Alabama's Oxmoor House, Inc., which publishes *Southern Living Magazine,* began casting around for someone to produce the narrative thread of *Southerners* (a commendable idea developed originally by Irwin Gluster), they reeled in Charles Kuralt. And why not? He is Dixie-born, a media superstar and a talented journalist. Cynics might add, with some justification, that he is also a Southerner who is acceptable to the urban North and populous West Coast; that he's not *too* Southern (nobody asked Strom Thurmond to write this book); and that his national appeal is a guarantee of strong sales. So be it. If true, it only means that more Americans will be lured into receiving a generally positive presentation of the South--an undeniably rare experience in a major national publication.

So what's not to like about this book? Well, the book doesn't have an index, which is an irritating omission. Kuralt is basically apologetic about the Southern aristocracy and plantation owners of the pre-War period, and is reluctant to say anything too nice about anyone who owned slaves--a category which includes Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and about half the Founding Fathers. (The book generally ignores the existence of slavery in the North, the North's role in developing "the peculiar institution," and the fact that blacks in the 18th and 19th centuries seldom received respect or equal treatment from *anyone anywhere* in the U.S.A.) He also seems a little weak in his understanding of the role Judeo-Christian values have played in the development of the South. Lastly, he offers the incredible observation that few Southerners still think of Robert E. Lee as a hero. (Maybe he's been talking to too many New South liberals.)

Putting aside those obvious shortcomings, this is a wonderful book. It happily, correctly points out the overwhelming Southern contributions to American society in statesmanship, agriculture, business, the military, the arts, sports, law, transportation, energy, science--every major field of endeavor. Granted, Kuralt honestly reports our failings and excesses--like our troublesome tendency to shoot each other--but the heart of this work is the vitality, the spirit, the greatness of the South.

Kuralt even rights a few old wrongs. When have you heard William T. Sherman roundly condemned in a national publication? Consider Kuralt's observation: "In my mind, General William Tecumseh Sherman is and always will be the number one villain of the South....Sherman attacked and burned people's homes, and it was precisely that which caused people to hate him so. Oh, how unnecessary it was. Why burn the homes of innocent families?"

What's more Kuralt criticizes Reconstruction--now championed by many contemporary historians --and cites the post-war punishment of the South as the source of many of the South's later problems. "Northerners were determined to grind the South down, to keep the heel of the boot on the South," he writes. "The United States treated Japan far better after World War II than the North treated the South after the Civil War."

Now, when was the last time you heard anybody from CBS speak about the South like that?

While many Southerners, including notables in the national news media, seem embarrassed by their Dixie roots, Kuralt clearly loves the South--and rejoices in being Southern. Sharecropper and inventor, farmer and politician, mountaineer and sandlapper, black and white, the living and the dead--all Southerners are treated with respect and understanding by Charles Kuralt in this memorable new work.

And, as expected, Kuralt is the graceful architect of words, writing with the emotion of one who was raised Southern.

"It is that farm I remember best of all," he writes, recalling his Southern home. "It was a prosperous farm in Carolina tobacco country terms, and we certainly weren't poor by the standard of the day. But it was a farm with no electricity or indoor plumbing....I can see it now. A hundred-acre tobacco farm. A two-story house....It was an old house. It had been in the family a hundred years, I suppose, built by my grandmother's forebears. My grandfather had a great big tool

box in the shade on the back porch. There was a pump back there, where you got water for the house. I remember the horseflies out there by the hundreds. My grandfather would do many of his chores there--fitting a new axe handle to an old axe--while he was sitting on that tool box. He was very satisfied to sit on that tool box and work at whatever he had to do."

When have you read anything like that from a New York-based journalist? After being whipped at every opportunity by snide network anchormen, and caricatured by a Hollywood parade of potbellied sheriffs, hooded racists and dim-witted dukes of the racetrack, Southerners will appreciate Charles Kuralt's graceful depiction of the South of reality. The book, like our region, has a few blemishes, but it is the most complimentary, truthful portrait of the South and its people rendered by a national figure in current memory.

Kuralt really is a Southerner.

A former television journalist at the CBS-TV affiliate in Charlotte, NC-- where Kuralt once worked--Rod Gragg is the author of numerous non-fiction books, including *The Illustrated Confederate Reader*--to be released next year by Harper and Row. He is a longtime advisor to *Southern Partisan*.

WHAT ARE THEY TEACHING OUR CHILDREN? ***By Mel and Norma Gabler with James C. Hefley. 192 pp. Victor Books. $6.95 in trade paper.***

Have you examined your child's textbooks lately? No? Well, you'd better do so, even if you do live in the South. That's the warning from Mel and Norma Gabler -- two Southerners who have earned the praise of parents and the enmity of educators for their battle to restore traditional American values to public school textbooks.

"Mel and Norma Gabler are, without doubt, the most publicized and controversial couple in American education," writes Dr. James C. Hefley in the book's introduction. "Hardly anyone who has heard anything about them remains neutral," he observes. "They're either hated or adored, praised or shellacked, labeled saints or censors."

Who are Mel and Norma Gabler?

Although he looks like a college professor, Mel Gabler is actually a softspoken, retired pipeline company clerk. His wife Norma is a homemaker and a grandmother of five. They live in little Longview, Texas. So what's so remarkable about a couple of ordinary folks?

On a recent edition of CBS-TV's "Sixty Minutes" the Gablers were said to "probably have more influence on the use of textbooks in this country than any other two people." What's even more remarkable is that the Gablers manage to wage war with major publishing firms with a lean and trim little operation run from their own home.

The Gablers' battle for restoration of sanity, intelligence and traditional moral values in school textbooks has made a major impact on textbook selection in Texas -- and that, in turn, is having a major impact on textbook selections nationwide. That's because Texas is the largest textbook buyer among the 23 states which select books at the state level. "A book that 'passes' in Texas will be easier to sell elsewhere," the Gablers explain. "One that 'flunks' will be harder to get past adoption committees in other states." Texas, they say, "is a litmus test for how liberal a textbook can be."

The Gablers say American public school textbooks tend to be liberal, humanistic and often devoid of the historic Judeo-Christian world view traditional to the United States and American education. In many cases, they say, traditional values are forcefully challenged or repudiated.

"One eighth grade history text censors Ethan Allen, Nathan Hale, John Paul Jones, Admiral Farragut and George Washington Carver," the Gablers assert, "yet the same text makes note of Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin, Bobby Jones, Joan Baez and many others dear to liberal hearts." Such textbook abuse reminds one of the recently revised state history text used in South Carolina public schools, which gives short treatment to the state's traditional conservative leaders and actually omits reference to former Governor James Edwards -- the first Republican governor elected under normal circumstances in South Carolina.

Contemporary textbooks also often display anti-family bias, according to the Gablers. Parental authority is challenged. Traditional sex roles are downplayed and homosexuality is presented as an acceptable lifestyle. Situation ethics replace concrete, traditional moral values, and sexual "freedom" is promoted.

"Always, in the past," this study observes, "we saw the need to teach the good, the true and the beautiful. Now we teach fear, violence and frustration -- and our society is becoming exactly what we're teaching."

The Gablers conclude their book by advising parents to learn what their children are being taught. If you choose to place your children in public schools, or in private schools they urge, then you must be willing to address the quality and content of their education--and you do so by demanding restoration of traditional values. The book provides how-to information on how to af-

fect local and state school systems. One person really can make a difference, the Gablers argue.

One can only hope the situation in the South is not as grim as this book surmises as it surveys the nation's textbook situation. Still, reading this study is surely enough to convince any Southerner that it is indeed past time for more parents to make sure the Judeo-Christian values cherished by generations of Southerners are being *reinforced* in their children's classrooms and not *challenged.*

-David Bomar Smith

THE BETRAYAL OF THE CHURCH: APOSTASY AND RENEWAL IN THE MAINLINE DENOMINATIONS. ***By Edmund and Julia Robb. Crossway Books. $8.95 in trade paper.***

Adrian Rogers, the conservative president of the Southern Baptist Convention, calls this new book "priority reading." Carl F. Henry, the distinguished conservative Bible scholar and theologian, says it "ought to be read in every congregation."

The book that is stirring such reaction among conservative Christian leaders in the South and elsewhere is a chilling tale of the subversion of the American mainline denominations by radical leftist theologians and church leaders. This book is especially relevant for Southerners, whose Bible-belt reputation used to denote a region viewed as the great American bastion of Christianity. The walls may still be standing in our South, but according to this new book, the bastion may contain surprisingly few true defenders.

Co-author Edmund W. Robb is an ordained United Methodist minister and a leading activist in Methodism's conservative *Good News* renewal movement, which has attempted in recent years to present a forum of Scriptural Christianity within the United Methodist Church -- a leader in the liberal, left-wing theology of our day. Together they have produced a book which, if read and followed by Southern laymen in great numbers, could ignite a revival or a revolution in the mainline denominations in the South and throughout the country.

For decades, the Robbs explain, leaders of the left have plainly stated their goals of undermining Western institutions, so we should not be surprised at their attempt, but we should be alarmed at their success. We should also be revulsed and incensed that one of the very institutions the far left seeks to destroy -- organized religion -- should become one of the left-wing's greatest benefactors.

With a calm and factual approach, the authors detail the diversion of vast amounts of funds, faithfully tithed by church members, to some of the most brutal left-wing regimes the world has ever known. *The Betrayal of the Church* exposes the hypocrisy and blindness of the National Council of Churches and its sister organization, the World Council of Churches, which aid and praise Marxist movements and governments of every stripe, while ignoring the persecution and murder of Christians carried out with studied precision by the recipients of the Council support.

With thorough documentation, the Robbs unveil liberal Protestant and Catholic church hierarchies radically out of step with the theology, politics and ideals of their lay members. Exposed too is the callous disregard that many mainline denominational leaders express for the church members they claim to oversee. Through church politics, apostate seminaries, indifference to lay protests and brazen defiance of Scripture, the liberal leadership of most mainline American denominations press on toward fulfilling their left-wing agendas.

Most saddeningly, *The Betrayal of the Church* chronicles the abandonment of the Gospel of Jesus Christ for a new, humanistic "gospel" of liberation theology, which cleverly spreads socialistic dogma via denominational activities in this country and promotes revolution and bloodshed throughout the world.

The Robbs have issued a clarion call for reformation and revival in the mainline American church. Here in the South, spinoff denominations formed by former members of mainline denominations carry on the work of orthodox Christianity with varying success. But the question Southern churchmen stirred by this book must ask themselves is this: why, with the South's heritage of Biblical Christianity and is tradition of secession, have more Southerners neither waged holy war to reclaim their denominations nor even walked away from their apostate churches?

Let us hope, led perhaps by a Southern example, that future events will compel the authors of this new work to write a happier sequel.

—Bob Davies

RUNNIN' ON RIMS: APPALACHIAN PROFILES. ***Photographs and Text by Jock Lauterer. 242 pp. Algonquin Books. $24.95.***

In 1931 my husband and I were living in the mountains of North Carolina--in Asheville--and that year we bought our first car. It was a Model A Ford and we loved that machine. We washed it every day, scrubbing away the red dust that boiled up as you travelled the unpaved mountain roads of the South. Having a new Model A was a rarity in the Appalachians a half-century ago--many people

were still travelling in wagons and ox carts.

I thought about that old Model A when I read about Reid Biddix in *Runnin' on Rims*. Reid is 74 and he still drives his '31 Model A around Turkey Cove in the Blue Ridge, and parks it at night between an apple tree and a corncrib. "Hit just don't seem like home 'lessen that ol' car's settin' out there," says Reid's wife, Dollie.

The author of this study of the Southern Appalachians knows and loves the mountains. Reid Biddix is just one of the 36 mountaineers profiled in this colorful account of the South's mountain people.

"Rhythm Willy" Shade, a shoeshine man, is one of the most memorable characters in the book. Cheerful, black and 72, he buffs shoes next to a pair of green Koken barber chairs and beside a pair of 1923 cash registers. His domain is the City Barbershop in tiny Marion, North Carolina. My husband, a Southerner, was a barber, a man who knew his craft and loved it. I remember the special, very masculine atmosphere of his barbershops. You can't find one like that very easily any more--especially one with a shoeshine man. But author Jock Lauterer found one in the Appalachians--complete with expert shoeshine man Willy Shade.

He found other mountain Southerners too: like woodcarver Edsel Martin, nurseryman Harold Clark, Bertha Byrd--who's specialty is making apple butter--and Charlie Lance, who still cherishes his horse and buggy.

I guess my favorite character in this book is Joe Clark Frashier, who makes molasses. Maybe I like his profile most because I remember sitting atop a mule as a child, riding in circles as the mule-driven cane-maker worked on producing molasses. Seventy-year-old Joe Frashier decided to make a big batch of molasses once again--for his children's sake. "My 14 young'uns didn't know how to make 'em," he explains. So Joe made up a batch of molasses, described every step of the process and when the thick juice was in Mason jars, he pronounced it good.

Runnin' on Rims has preserved a special breed of Southerner--the people of the mountains.

—"Bud" Chandler

BOLD DRAGOON: THE LIFE OF J.E.B. STUART. ***By Emory Thomas. 354 pp. Harper & Row. $22.95***

One of his enemies, Union General John Sedgwick, called him "the greatest cavalry man ever foaled in America." That is the legacy left by "JEB" Stuart--cavalier, knight and warrior -- and the legacy remains intact throughout this new biography by Southern historian Emory Thomas. Yet Thomas, Professor of History at the University of Georgia, has skillfully lifted the veil of myth and stereotype that cloaks Stuart to allow an examination of the real flesh and blood man beneath. This is a well-written graceful biography. Thomas knows his craft and has produced a study that is both scholarly and readable. It is a dependable work (although Thomas surely *meant* to say on page 140 that Turner Ashby was killed in action near Harrisonburg, Virginia, not in Pennsylvania). Others have chronicled Stuart's life, but Thomas' memorable work is probably better than most.

Rod Gragg

TRAVELS TO HALLOWED GROUND. ***By Emory Thomas. 155 pp. University of South Carolina Press. $19.95 in cloth. $9.95 in trade paper.***

Simultaneously released is another, very different study of the War by Emory Thomas. In this brief volume Thomas surveys a handful of principal battlefields of the War and muses about their past and present from a historian's perspective. In a work somewhat reminiscent of John Trowbridge's postwar tramping of the Southern battlefields, although Thomas happily does not share Trowbridge's anti-Southern bias. Harpers Ferry, Manassas, Roanoke Island, Sharpsburg, Shiloh, Fort Pulaski, Kennesaw Mountain, Mobile Bay, Petersburg and the Bennett Place were all destinations on historian Thomas' wandering itinerary. This book could easily be overlooked among weightier and flashier volumes on the War--and that would be unfortunate; for this study carries a great amount of the *feeling* of the War. It also contains more than a little history, and Thomas' insights into what happened amid his 20th century surroundings are worth considering. Especially memorable are his essays on Joe Johnston's complicated surrender in the Binnit (correct spelling) home at Durham and his musings on the second time the Yankees visited his ancestral plantation in Virginia. (During the War the U.S. Army carried off all they could tote; in 1978, U.S. troops on peacetime maneuvers left behind a tin of apricot jam.) *Travels to Hallowed Ground* is both memorable and original.

Rod Gragg

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

ON THE CONFEDERACY

No nation rose so white and fair, none fell so pure of crime.

—Philip Stanhope Worsley
Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford

ON STATESCRAFT

A man must be a politician before he can be a statesman.

—Sam Rayburn (D-Texas)
Speaker of the House of Representatives

ON WAR

...if war is indeed too complex to be left to the generals, it is also too complex to be entrusted to officials who lack military experience, a knowledge of military history, and an ability to perservere in the face of temporary adversity and vocal ferment.

—General William C. Westmoreland, U.S. Army

ON A NEW GOVERNMENT

Any people whatever, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. This is a...most sacred right.

—Abraham Lincoln, 1848

ON REBELLION

All men who have ever obeyed a living authority have in time revolted against it.

—Henry Grady Weaver

ON SEPARATION OF POWERS

The opinion of the judges has no more authority over Congress than the opinion of Congress has over the judges, and on that point the President is independent of both.

—President Andrew Jackson

ON PUNISHING THE SOUTH

I would hang liberally while I had my hand in.
—The Hon. George Washington Julian (R-Ind) 1865

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TOM LANDESS is trying to sell his house on Edisto Island, which is located off the coast, just below Charleston. Tom passes along this description of the island and the house, some of it true:

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THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

ROD GRAGG

● CITIES UNDER THE GUN: IMAGES OF OCCUPIED NASHVILLE AND CHATTANOOGA. ***By James A. Hoobler. 224 pp. Rutledge Hill Press. $39.95.***

In March of 1862, Nashville became the first Southern capital to be captured and occupied by Federal forces in the War Between the States. Its citizens spent the war years under the bayonets of an occupation army. A year and a half later, Chattanooga was also occupied. It became the center of a major campaign and, eventually, the launching site for W.T. Sherman's infamous March to the Sea. Life in wartime Nashville and Chattanooga is clearly depicted in this superb album-size photographic study assembled and authored by James A. Hoobler, the executive director of the Tennessee Historical Society. The book contains more than 300 photographs taken by George N. Barnard, a Northern photographer attached to the Federal army. Historian Hoobler discovered Barnard's work in the Library of Congress and the National Archives while vacationing in Washington. Although many of Barnard's photographs had already been published, no one had assembled his Nashville and Chattanooga photographs in one volume. Hoobler did so and also produced an interesting accompanying narrative. The result is one of the best localized photographic histories in the literature of the war.

● THE SOUTH'S LAST BOYS IN GRAY. ***By Jay S. Hoar. 605 pp. Bowling Green University Popular Press. $19.95 in trade paper, $39.95 in cloth.***

They were still here in 1949, in '51, '53 and '58. The last one left us on December 19, 1959. They were the final survivors of the War for Southern Independence--the last boys in Gray. Their story is chronicled in intimate detail in this study by Professor Jay S. Hoar. Occasionally--rarely--a book emerges that is so original, so informative, so delightful that it deserves special commendation. Of such stuff is this study made. The book is not graced by dazzling layout, nor is it produced by a major publishing house. Yet it is a classic in a neglected genre of the literature of the War. Painstakingly researched and spilling over with captivating information, it is a unique contribution.

● SPIES, SCOUTS AND RAIDERS. ***176 pp. Time-Life Books. $14.95.***

The familiar figures are all here: John Singleton Mosby, Rose Greenhow, William Quantrill, Sam Davis and Bell Boyd. Not much new about them is revealed in the Time-Life volume, but as with many of the other works in this series, the real treasures in this work are the assembled artifacts depicted within. Here are photographs of "Harrison" Longstreet's famous spy, a child's doll used to smuggle morphine into the Confederacy; a Confederate code cipher disk; and Quantrill's Army Colt. Also depicted is a gallery of Confederate civilians imprisoned in the "Bastilles of the North," when President Lincoln set aside the Constitution to jail pro-Southerners without trial; and a pictorial collection of the imaginative, futuristic weapons designed to end the conflict. Some of the Time-Life volumes are better than others; this is one of the best.

● WITNESS TO GETTYSBURG. ***By Richard Wheeler. 273 pp. Harper & Row. $19.95.***

Veteran historian Richard Wheeler has produced a worthy contribution to the literature of the War Between the States. As he has done with Vicksburg, the Richmond Campaign and Sherman's March, he records the story of the Battle of Gettysburg through the words of those who were there. The largest land battle ever fought in the Western Hemisphere, the three-day engagement at Gettysburg not only determined the course of the War, but also created a military event that historians throughout the world have studied ever since. It was a terribly bloody affair (Pickett's Charge alone produced more casualties than the War of 1812), which has provoked shelves of literature. Most histories ponder Lee's strategy, analyze the impact of the Federal capture of Little Round Top, or muse over the absence of Jeb Stuart's cavalry. Wheeler's account doesn't ignore the crucial events, but it is an eyewitness record that follows the battle through the experiences of those who endured the sound and fury that raged over the Pennsylvania countryside that July of 1863. Wheeler's account is a very personalized story of the great battle--a skillfully woven fabric of dramatic first-person experiences. It is a book well worth a few summer evenings.

THE LAST WORD

REID BUCKLEY

AMY CARTER II

IF I WERE A BLACK SOUTH AFRICAN, MY RESPONSE TO RULE BY THE WHITE MINORITY WOULD RANGE FROM SULLEN REBELLIOUSNESS TO MILITANT REBELLION.

If I were a "Coloured" South African, I would abominate the whites and deeply suspect the blacks of the (radical/Marxist) African National Congress---the ANC. And if I were a white in that country, Dutch or English, I would equate black majority rule with the extinction of my political and property rights. If I were a believing Boer white of the Dutch Reformed Church, a patriot, and not a coward, I might likely fight to the death any surrender of white supremacy in a political "solution."

Is there no ray of hope in South Africa? The moral posturing of non-South African busybodies like Amy Carter, and the dimwittedness of the sanctions imposed by such as the United States Congress, also moral posturing, will avail nothing. Is there *indigenous* thinking that advances some basis of settlement between the embattled factions, given that the dominant position of either antagonist is implacably extreme: or white, or black, political supremacy?

An exciting event has been the publication of a book (1986) titled *South Africa: The Solution,* by Leon Louw and Frances Kendall, she being his wife. As reported by **Time** (March 23, 1987), the Louws cut through cant and ignorance in their toughminded understanding that the "struggle...is over who should dominate whom...that is, who controls the very powerful central government"; and their answer to that irreconcilable problem is to finesse it by "not having such a central government. We want to make it possible to let the tiger---the black majority---out of the cage without whites being eaten."

This is not "grand" apartheid, as the notorious policy of separate black homelands is known. What they propose is a cantonal system (cf. Brian Crozier, **National Review,** 1 August, 1986) under a two-house national parliament that favors the least possible government and the freest possible enterprise. Each canton would be virtually self-ruling, except, obviously, for such matters as the common defense and foreign policy.

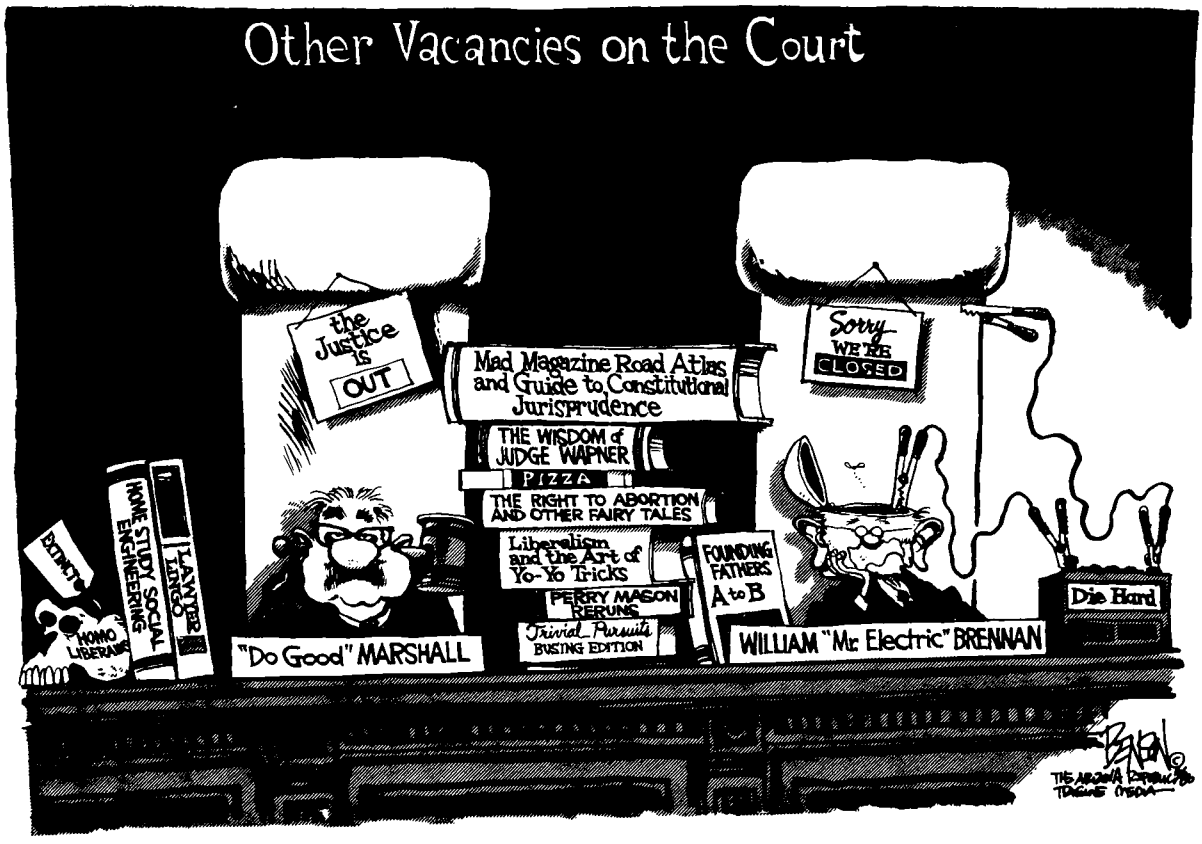
The book has enjoyed enormous sales. Moreover, the central ideas have been well-received by black leaders as diverse as Winnie Mandela, wife of the imprisoned ANC founder, and Chief of the Zulu nation Mangosuthu Buthelezi, who sharply opposes the ANC on such matters as sanctions. White favorable reception has been more guarded, one may conjecture, for two reasons.

The first is that white-dominated cantons would be few and materially not so choice.

The second reason is that whites probably suspect any move establishing territorial domination of present South Africa, and at the central authority political domination, by blacks, inevitably implies eventual extinguishing of the white redoubts.

It is nevertheless hopeful that the Louw-Kendall thesis enjoys serious consideration by the warring South African tribes. The Louw proposal is a basis for peaceful negotiations. Safeguards for white cantons can be built in without challenging anything more material than black goodwill, such as those procedures attending our Consolidation Laws: i.e., when a jurisdictional area wants to be absorbed into a different county, the population of that area must approve the move by a 2/3rds majority, after which the county must accept the area by 51% majority. In the South African case, it might be stipulated that absorption into the neighboring black cantons of a predominantly white canton would have to gain acquiescence of two-thirds of the white population. White property rights in black cantons might be constitutionally guaranteed on both cantonal and national levels, with a deposit at the IMF of 10% of those taxes annually contributed by whites, until that sum equals the value of their property, forfeitable should those property rights be trespassed upon; and whites might even be granted a (disproportionate) 25% representation in the national parliament for, say, a century.

Yet another protection that might soothe white fears, smoothing political transition, is to weight the vote *on the national, not cantonal, level* by age, education, property, and position. It would make sense in this country.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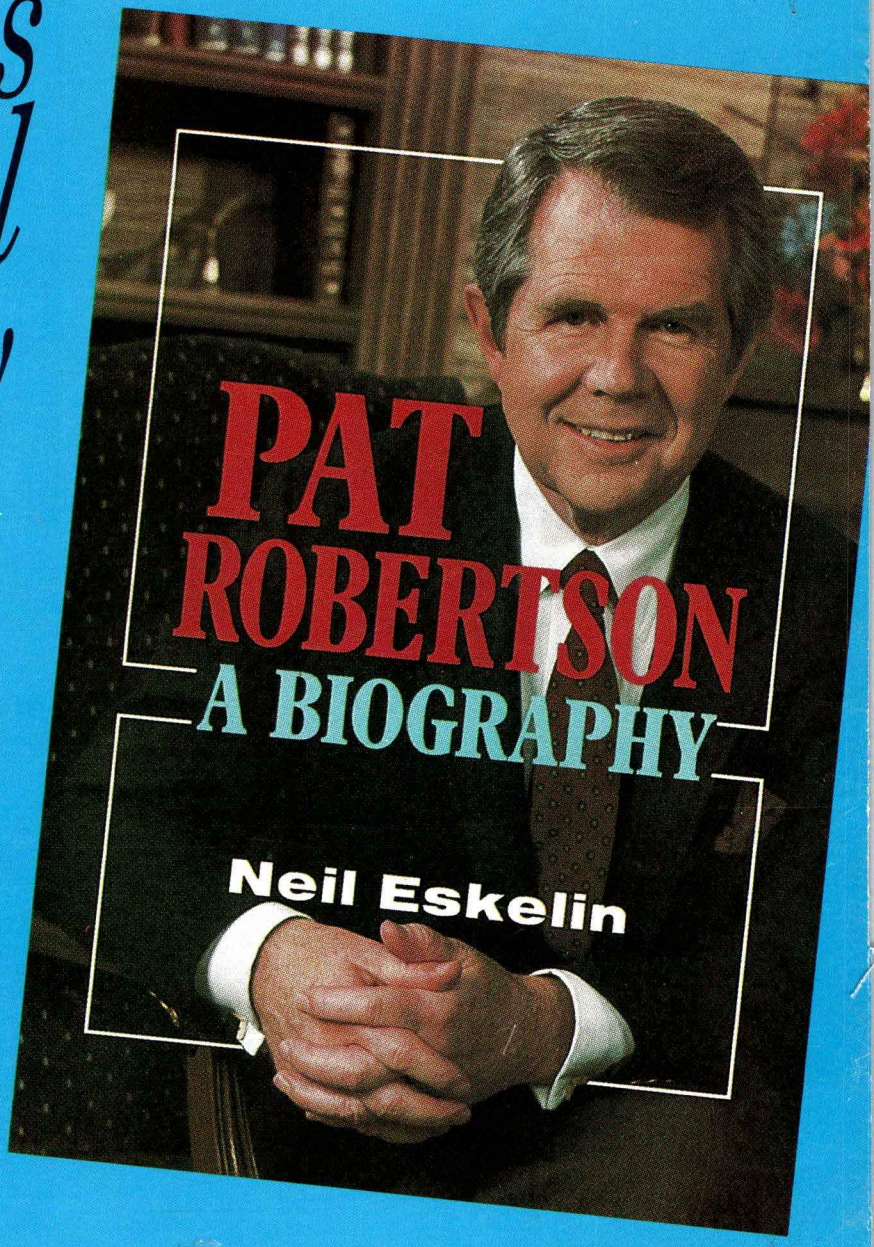

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